

# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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## JOHN MAXWELL'S MARRIAGE.

### CHAPTER XVII.

It was the year of grace seventeen hundred and seventy-nine. Nineteen winters, eighteen summers had gone by since John Maxwell turned for the last time on the brow of Slieve Alt to look across Douros Water. They had not been uneventful. Many changes of the small world, many changes of the great world, had happened in them; and great and small had been interwoven.

The price of cattle had risen; a great nobleman had lost money at cards; leases had been put up to auction; big graziers had outbid small cottiers; and Ulster tenants in hundreds had crossed the sea to America, making, as it were, a beaten track with a sign-post pointing to the new country. That had begun about the time when John Maxwell rode away and took ship, he also facing westwards.

Half a generation later, in the new country, a new flag was flying, and Lord Donegal's dispossessed tenants, with the thousands more who had followed in their wake, were gathering together under the Stars and Stripes. Four years more, and the new flag had powerful allies throughout Europe; and in the drift of these great affairs was caught a certain gentleman—known to his friends in Boston as Mr. Macnamara—who was Irish by birth, but American by

sympathies acquired in eighteen years of colonial life. So it happened that in the early part of 1779 this gentleman found himself in Paris on a diplomatic mission. The main purpose of that mission was to inquire whether a diversion might not be effected that should lighten the pressure on America by giving England work to do nearer home; whether Ireland, where feeling ran strong in favour of the revolted States, might not be prompted to follow their example and strike for her own freedom.

Such were some of the great events and great changes which reached forward and backward across the Atlantic, linking Ireland to America through innumerable petty chains of individual destiny. To Douros only the faint vibration of them reached across the sea and across the mountains. Yet even in Douros, beyond the sea and behind the mountains, folk were not safe from some capricious chance of the world-movement; any morning they might find strange flotsam and jetsam—a boat, a spar, or a drowned body—brought to their doors by the great flood which is made up of innumerable human wills.

Here also at Douros, in the smaller world, these eighteen years had brought great changes; here also a monarchy had been overthrown. James Nesbit was dead—dead long years ago. He had scarcely returned

from a frantic pursuit of Isabella, that carried him to Dublin with useless spurring, when the blow of her devising struck him, full on the heart. In the fancied security of his position, during the months of her sullen acquiescence, he had launched into new and costly schemes, had incurred new indebtedness. There were no means left him to fight this unlooked-for attack; the management of his estates passed without a struggle into the hands of his daughter's agent, and he lived on by sufferance in the great house which had engulfed so much of his money.

Grass sprang up in the innumerable and interminable walks which it had been his pride to keep raked and tended like the alleys in the Mall. In an outhouse lay the marble baths that he had imported from Italy; artisans to set them in their place could not be brought to Douros for lack of money. For lack of money broken windows let in the air, or were patched with slates or brown paper. The house gradually took on the appearance of a dismantled dwelling, and in its vast spaces the owner, owner now in name only, paced up and down in impotent resentment, till a stroke came, almost mercifully. His wife never left him; yet even by the bedside of the paralytic, fear was always in her eyes. In a few months after his funeral she too faded into the grave, as leaves fade and drop before their time on a tree uprooted. And so the great house, once the centre of so much life, so much prosperity, stood empty and untenanted, year by year falling into ruin.

Yet the most noticeable thing about all changes is that nothing really alters very much. Great events pass, and leave men and women much as they found them. The Rights of Man, so long and so eloquently talked of by Rousseau and Voltaire, stood

indeed affirmed in America; yet even for the actors in that great scene, the colour of man's blood and the complexion of the thoughts in his heart did not change; and Mr. Macnamara, now in Paris, busily engaged in forwarding the millennium, was very little different from the young man who had cast away John Maxwell's name with John Maxwell's property eighteen years before. He saw the world with eyes of more experience, but his character was in all essentials the same—though stamped perhaps more than is usual with the impress of one emphatic and far-reaching act.

As with the individual, so with communities. From Douros a masterful presence had vanished; but still in his fief all, from a little distance, seemed to be utterly the same. A tribe of folk were tilling the ground in little corners and patches among bog and mountain, as they had tilled it under James Nesbit; they paid their rent to his daughter now, and not to him—that was all the difference, except that they paid with fewer abatements. For Isabella lived in England, and Martin, as her man of business, had no title to exercise the picturesque generosity of a grand seigneur. The people regretted the old days, and talked over them; but, on the whole, there was little real change with the change of the times. Still the one road wound over the neck of Slieve Alt and down the swell of his breast; still the Lanan flowed sluggishly through bog, plunged precipitately in falls and deep swirling holes over slabs and boulders, on its course to a meeting with the tide; still, up its narrow estuary, the silver fish pressed in shoals, and leaped jubilant into the air under the very walls of Carrig Castle. And still through all that country-side of mountain, sea, lough and river, sun shone and rain fell, and man and woman,

boy and girl, were drawn to one another in the eternal complication, eternal solution, of human existence.

Mr. Richard Musgrave sat in his office, busily employed upon a case between two leading shippers of the town of Belfast, and he lifted his head to protest as his clerk opened the door. "Well, what is it? A gentleman to see me? I can't see any one. Tell him to come back in six months."

Mr. Musgrave's fat jolly face, full lips and twinkling eyes, gave no indication of the ferocity with which he was used to invest his injunctions. The clerk, still standing in the doorway, said he had told the gentleman so already.

"What's his name? Why won't he go away? What does he want?"

"Mr. Macnamara, sir. He says that he comes from England and wants some statistical information, and he begs as a matter of personal kindness that you will see him."

"The devil he does! Like their impudence! Well, show him in."

Mr. Macnamara entered, a tallish man in travelling costume, with a full wig. His face, rather lean, looked older than his eyes; his age might have been guessed at anything between forty and fifty.

"Well, sir, what can I do for you?" asked the lawyer, with a fine endeavour to repress his natural joviality.

"A thousand pardons for trespassing on your time, Mr. Musgrave," answered the stranger, who surveyed his questioner with a singular and amused curiosity; "but I am come over to investigate the condition of the potato trade, and I was referred to you as an authority."

Musgrave's face changed perceptibly, and lost a good deal of its cheeriness. He turned to his bureau and began

sorting papers as he spoke. "Take a seat, sir. As to what you are asking, every man in Ireland is an authority on the potato trade these times."

"And you think there are prospects of an export trade in potatoes?"

"I think, Mr. Macnamara, that Ireland will need all her potatoes for her own consumption. Potatoes are the staff of life in Ireland."

Without the least change of tone the visitor observed, as if the remark had entire relevance, "Dr. Franklin sends you his best remembrances, Mr. Musgrave."

The lawyer started a little and went over to the door, which he locked. A touch of laughter puckered the lines about Mr. Macnamara's eyes as he continued. "Why, Mr. Musgrave, have we not recited that ridiculous litany about the potato trade, which every government spy is certain to have by heart? Dr. Franklin is surely a most respectable acquaintance."

"There is not a decenter man living," answered the lawyer fustily; "but for all that, Mr. Macnamara, if you come from Dr. Franklin, I do not want Tom, Dick, and Harry to know that Dr. Franklin is anxious to be remembered to me."

He sat down in the chair at his bureau, closely surveying the stranger with his shrewd twinkling eyes. "Be pleased, Mr. Macnamara, to give me an official account of yourself before we go any further. It is a very strange thing, but I seem to have met you before."

"These resemblances are often very puzzling," Mr. Macnamara answered. "I do not know where it could have been. I am, as you see, an English gentleman travelling for his pleasure and information in the sister kingdom, who can only desire to be a friend of so good an Irish patriot as yourself. People are very curious in England,

and elsewhere, about this volunteer movement of yours, Mr. Musgrave. I am come over principally to see for myself what is the real truth about that movement."

The lawyer sat up in his chair, his hands on his knees, and rattled off into a burst of voluble humour. "My dear sir, you need no kind of password to help you to that. We are all open and above board. We drill in the light of day. One of the first noblemen in the country is at the head of us. It needs no invitation to be present at as many demonstrations as you please. Upon my word, it would take you all your time to keep out of sight of them—decent fat men, like myself, putting ourselves into green uniforms, and learning the goose-step, hayfoot, strawfoot, and marching behind drums and penny whistles with the whole population cheering, and every man keeping his own time; and the Lord-Lieutenant up in Dublin sitting like a cat on a hot griddle and not knowing what way to look."

Mr. Macnamara lay back in his chair and laughed out. Richard Musgrave started forward on his seat, looked intently at the stranger, and then smote his hand on his thigh. "Jack—Jack Maxwell! Don't tell me! How's every bone in your body?" He crossed the room and shook hands enthusiastically as he spoke. "Why couldn't you come under your own name, man? What takes you into this business? Damn it, Jack, let us be frank! Are you a French spy or an American agent, or what?"

"To tell you the truth, Richard," Maxwell answered, "I suppose I am a little of both. And that makes it rather serious that you should recognise me."

"Recognise you!" cried Musgrave; "not recognise my old college chum!

You came to the wrong man if you did not want to be known. It was only the wig deceived me for a minute; you always wore your own hair."

"Well," said Maxwell, "I thought I would try you for a beginning. I was given a number of addresses, and I found that you had settled up here among the dour northerners; and no one else in this town ever heard of me, that I know of."

"And who was obliging enough to give you my address, may I ask?"

"Oh, your friend Dr. Franklin. Here is the whole story of it. France has its eye on this country, as you very well know, and Paris is full of ardent patriots assuring Franklin and the French ministry that the Irish will rise like one man if a French ship lands a regiment."

"So they will," retorted the other, "but maybe not the way Monsieur de Vergennes and his ministry would like."

"Vergennes is no fool, Richard," answered his friend, "and he put no great dependence on these patriots; neither did Franklin; but still, they wanted a report, and the long and the short of it is that Franklin sent to America for a man who knew this country, and they sent me."

"And I suppose you've been a rebel under arms," cried Musgrave, shaking his head with a despair only half humorous.

"Oh yes, in a small way," said Maxwell, "we've all taken our turr. At the end of three or four years one is not sorry for a change. So I came."

"To run your head into a halter."

Maxwell smiled. "I don't feel it tightening," he said. "As Franklin said to me, 'Once these amiable Breton smugglers, who make a trade of the business, have landed you somewhere in Kent or Sussex, what is to



distinguish you from any other Englishman travelling post with plenty of money in his pocket! and you cross to Ireland at your leisure."

Musgrave shifted uneasily in his chair. "I don't like it, Jack, I tell you plainly. What is it you want? Is it trouble?"

"I want information for M. de Vergennes and for Mr. Franklin," replied his friend. "What are the Catholics doing? that is the first question."

"Paying the Protestants to arm, since they are not allowed to arm themselves," was Musgrave's prompt answer.

"And the Protestants—your Presbyterians here? They fight with a will in America, I can answer for that."

Again Musgrave burst out in his explosive fashion. "The Protestants? The Protestants are arming and drilling, as I told you, to prevent the French from burning their towns. Why, man, if you had seen Belfast last year when Paul Jones, the ruffian, took two ships in the lough! It was like a bee-hive, every one ready to sting. You may put your hand on your heart and tell Vergennes that if a Frenchman lands in Ireland, we'll be out after him with horse and foot—ay, and Protestants and Catholics. And if the English won't give us ships to keep our coast clear, it won't be long before we build them."

His visitor watched him with a smile. "Then you would wish me to report that Ireland is perfectly contented and loyal."

Again Musgrave exploded. "Contented! And the country bankrupt! No trade doing! Thousands out of work in every town! What country could be loyal in the face of that? No, Jack, there must be a big change in Ireland, or we may give up entirely, but it isn't France that will help us—no, nor America. You saw Frank-

lin's manifesto to Ireland: 'Take my advice, dear friends, and stay quiet. But if your grievances are not redressed, somebody will help you.' Damn his impudence! Much help we shall get from America."

Maxwell laughed. "But I thought," he said, "you were all Americans in Ireland. What did Chatham say?"

"Chatham said what was true enough," the other replied eagerly, "Ireland is American to a man. But the plain English of that is that Ireland is Irish to a man, barring the placemen, and they don't count. We're asking for nothing but what has been offered again and again to America since America rebelled. And we shall get it, because America rebelled; that is why we are American. You may tell Franklin that we are vastly obliged to him for his good wishes, but that Ireland will be perfectly loyal—on her own terms."

"I see," said Maxwell, with an air of relief, "and, candidly, that is pretty much what I expected, and I'm not sorry. I have seen civil war, and it is not a pleasant thing to look at."

The little lawyer leaned still farther forward, gesticulating as he spoke. "Well then, Jack, you may take it from me that any sensible man in the length and breadth of Ireland will tell you the same story. Here and there you'll meet an enthusiast who wants his blessed republic; there are plenty in this town. But they don't signify. If England will give Irishmen the rights of Englishmen—and she must—there will be no trouble. And now, take my advice," he added urgently, "get away to a safe place by the next ship that will take you, and don't come back till the whole affair is ended. I won't know an easy day while you are in this country."

Maxwell laughed quietly. "I'm afraid I can hardly get done with the business so easy as that," he replied. "But I give you my word, Richard, I don't want to make trouble; I undertook nothing but to inquire thoroughly. But I must do that. Besides, I'm not sorry to see the old country."

"It was the worst day's work ever you did when you quitted it," cried Musgrave hotly. "Oh, we all heard that story! Did any one ever know such a fool's quixotism?"

A touch of retrospect came into the other man's eyes. "I don't suppose I would do it now," he said. "But that doesn't prove I was wrong to do it."

"I can tell you this, then," the little lawyer said, working himself into a rage, "it was a black job for your tenants. That woman is grinding the guts out of them. Old Martin is a friend of mine, and he says he often wishes another man had the agency. She's a bad, cruel woman that, Jack."

Maxwell's face darkened. "She was cruelly dealt with," he said shortly, "and I don't suppose she knows what she is doing. I learnt in Paris that she lives entirely in England. I can't wonder."

Musgrave exploded again in righteous indignation. "Don't tell me, Jack. She's a cruel, bad nature. What woman with a spark of decency in her would treat the child like that?"

Maxwell's face turned suddenly white, as if he had received a deadly blow. Abandoning his habitual pose of indifference, he leaned forward in his seat.

"Child! What child?"

"And do you mean to say you did not know there was a child?"

"My God!" cried the other, leaping from his seat as if suddenly stung. All the memories that time

had numbed revived on the instant, and the vision of that horrible awakening stood before him with hateful vividness. "She might at least have been spared that," he said, as if thinking aloud.

Musgrave was touched by his friend's dismay and distress. "Why, man, don't fret," he said. "It's a long time ago. I am sorry I spoke of it so bluntly. But it never entered my mind you had not heard."

Maxwell turned sharp on him. "How should I hear?" he retorted. "I was five years in the backwoods before I came down to Boston and began to practise as a lawyer. I never thought of it as possible—I suppose because I wanted to put the whole out of my mind. And so there was a child. Poor soul!" he added, half to himself.

"Ay, you may say that. It came into a hard world."

Maxwell started slightly. "It was not the child I was thinking of," he said, with a curiously painful smile about his lips. "But I suppose it was hard for the child too. She hated it, of course."

"Would not let it near her, I believe."

Maxwell again paced the room before he spoke, while his friend watched him in sympathetic curiosity. At last he stopped and spoke.

"Poor creature! The business was even worse than I knew, then. Well, she has lived it down, I suppose. How long did you say the child lived?"

"Well, upon my word, Jack," cried Musgrave, "you beat all! Who said the child died? You think of nothing but the woman."

The other man looked at him, half absently. "Yes," he answered. "One does in the colonies, I suppose. Women are scarce there." Then with a sudden flash a thought

lit his face. "Good God! I understand. The child is living. Where is it? Who has it?"

Musgrave threw himself back in his chair and laughed with the condescension of experience. "It! Do you suppose it is in long clothes still? It's as fine a young woman as you would wish to see, by what Martin tells me."

Maxwell put his hands up to his face, pressed them over his eyes, then drew them downward. Then he burst into a sudden fit of laughter.

"And do you tell me that I—I! —I have a grown-up daughter this minute? Really, Richard, this is too much. Well, go on, tell me the whole story. Where is this fine young woman? She thinks I'm dead, naturally."

"Like the rest of us."

There was a pause. Maxwell tramped the room again. "This is the very devil!" he said at last. "A pleasant surprise for her if I walked in and said, 'My dear, I'm the person who was responsible for bringing you into a world where you were not wanted. Aren't you grateful?' Still, if I have a daughter I want to look at her. Well, where is she? I'm not a grandfather, am I? That would be too much for one day."

"Oh, you may be easy about that, and I can tell you she's in good hands, though maybe you won't like it. She's with her aunt—the woman who ran away."

Maxwell stopped in his tramping. "That's good news anyhow. Poor Mary! I heard of her too in Paris, and indeed I had a sort of hope that I might manage to get a sight of her. Well, the girl is far better with her than with her mother. And they're in Donegal, of course."

"At Douros, in some old castle of the McSwineys that they have vamped up into a dwelling-place. Martin

says it gives him rheumatism to look at it, but Mrs. McSwiney would go nowhere else."

"Poor Mary," said Maxwell, with a long sigh of retrospect. "No wonder. And so that is where they are. Well, Richard, you have told me news anyhow; and now you will let me go and think it over. No, I won't let you be hospitable; I'm a compromising associate. But you may tell me a little about these other patriots to whom I have letters of introduction."

"My dear Mr. Macnamara," said Musgrave with his jolly laugh, "I hate any departure from precedent. If you come to me with a letter of introduction, it would be unusual in the extreme that you should not dine with me. Don't let us court suspicion. After dinner I will tell you all I can."

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

It was the lovely time when a day must decide whether it be spring or summer; this day, the decision was not yet. Heavy clouds hung about, but the sun was blazing for the moment; and though the earth was wet, no sign showed yet in the river of a rise after the long drought. So at all events Neddy Gallagher said, and the least movement of the river was plain to Neddy.

The tall, handsome, dark-haired lad who stood out on the end of the eel-weir at the head of the long pool, fishing with Neddy's big rod in the run below the weir, swore pettishly; and it was a noticeable matter that he swore in French. Old Neddy, who squatted on the loose rough stones of the weir-dam behind him, removed the black pipe from his mouth to protest.

"Troth, then, thon's the quare language you brought with you, Mr.

Hugh, fit to frighten all the fish in Lanan."

"Ay," said Hugh, lifting the rod viciously, and bringing his flies through the air with a heavy swish, "I suppose they expect to be cursed in good Gaelic. Well now, Neddy—*m'anam air diabhail*—my soul to the devil—*le diable m'emporte*—take it in what language you please—I'm not going to throw another cast. And I'm not going to give you the rod either. I'm sick of seeing you kill the fish that I've been thrashing over for half an hour. But I'd like to know why you said that I'd get as many fish as I wanted on a day when I can't turn a tail."

Neddy did not even trouble to cast his customary look round him. "Troth, then, you'll get fish. But it will hardly be one of them lads. They're too long in the water. You may go down to the sea-hole now, and maybe you might have more luck there."

"Well," said the young man, drawing in his flies and shouldering his rod, "it's on the road home anyway. But I don't believe I shall get a fish till the fresh comes down for all that, Neddy."

Then, stepping along the pier of loose-piled stones, he sprang lightly on to the close sward that carpeted the bank, and, raising his voice, called, "Grace! I'm going down to the bridge."

At the sound of his call a young girl rose up, lingeringly, from the lair that she had made for herself among heather tufts at the foot of a little clump of larches some way back from the stream. She had that dazed and dreaming air of one who had been engrossed in far-off matters, and the book in her hand told the story. Her eyes were still only half awake as she came across the sward to join the fisherman.

"And how is the young branch of Lanan, Sulmalla of the blue eyes?" he asked, with that touch of condescending ridicule which an active young man readily affects toward the bookish young woman.

But the bookish young woman was quick with her retort. "She is wait-for the salmon of knowledge which the youthful hero has gone out to capture with a branch from the fairy hazel; but the youthful hero has not yet learnt how to cast his fly skilfully, and the blue-eyed Sulmalla will have no fish for dinner." Then, turning to the old man who was leisurely shambling towards them, gaff in hand, she asked, "How long will it be before you make a fisherman of this fine French gentleman, Neddy?"

"Indeed then, Miss Grace," replied Neddy, "he's nearly as good a hand with the rod as I am myself already, and him not a month at it yet."

"Pooh!" said the young lady disdainfully, "you only mean he is not so bad for a Frenchman."

"No Frenchman am I," Hugh struck in with voluble Gaelic, "but it is my opinion Neddy is an *Eivrenach binn breugach*—a melodious ying Irishman, O blue-eyed Sulmalla. I put it into English, for you have not the right way of the Irish."

The young branch of Lanan laughed and tossed her head. "Oh, I dare say. You are very proud of your three tongues. But anyhow, you haven't got the salmon."

"Neddy swears I shall get one in the sea-hole," he answered.

"That is only because Neddy is so *binn* and so *breugach*. But come along." And the couple of them took the trodden track among the boulders along the steep bank by the long pool.

Blue-eyed Sulmalla, as Hugh McSwiney affected for the moment

to call his cousin Grace Maxwell—in mockery of her rage for Macpherson's Ossian, a new discovered joy—was not really blue eyed, nor had she golden tresses. Old Dr. Morrison of Kilcolumb, in whose house she lived for some years after the death of Mrs. Nesbit, used, when he wished to tease the girl, to call her "rednob." That was an insult. When he wanted to pet her, he would call her his squirrel, and that was at least descriptive. In some lights her mass of tumbled unruly locks had just the ruddy brown of a squirrel's tail; and she had something of a squirrel's leaping swiftness. But a day that she had never forgotten came, when the old scholar from the depths of his easy chair declaimed at her a Latin couplet, in which the poet likened the hair of his mistress to the inner bark of a stripped cedar. "There, missy," he had said, "some day or other that might fit you to a marvel." Grace never got much of Mr. Morrison's love for the Latin, but she had those lines by heart.

And with this mass of soft ruddy colour that was now drawn close to her head, yet escaped in light waves and tendrils on her neck, about her ears, and over her forehead, there went a complexion of singular beauty; not the clear red and white common and beautiful with red hair, but a skin suffused with warm colour; a warm glow flushed the white throat, deepened toward the angle of the jaw, flowed over the rounded cheek. Much sun and wind in that country life overspread the whole with their own hue, till her face showed in colour like a robin's egg when you hold it to the sunlight.

As for her eyes, they were neither blue nor grey nor green, but something of all those. They were eyes quick to shine in laughter, yet more often dimmed with dreams. Humorous eyes,

perhaps; but the subtle folds of inward laughter had not yet fixed themselves about their setting. For the rest, a straight slender figure, with shoulders inclining to slope, head carried forward rather than back; hands soft and white, of extraordinary beauty; the fingers tapering, but not pointed; eloquent hands.

Her dress of blue homespun was much simpler than her cousin's. Hugh McSwiney, just fresh from completing his education in France, had obeyed with alacrity his mother's instructions to equip himself with all that was proper for a gentleman before he followed her from the country that his father had served to the country where his father and his mother were born. Mary McSwiney grudged nothing to the one son who was all that remained to her from the marriage celebrated at dawn one summer morning on the strand at Douros, before she stepped into McLoughlin's vessel and turned her back on home. And when she saw her boy at last, after three years' separation, it seemed to her that she was well paid for all the hardships and sorrows of her marriage and her widowhood.

That widowhood had been absolute now for four years; but, in truth, her married life had been little but a long bereavement. Hugh McSwiney, her husband, like many another soldier of fortune, had found little fortune enough, and not long after his son's birth mere necessity compelled him to take service in India for the higher pay. Once in those ten years he returned; he was looked for again, when instead of him came the news of his death.

Then his widow turned to the home-country, for which she had longed through fourteen years in a strange air. As wife, she had refused to set foot in the land where her husband was an outlaw; his widow was no

longer so bound. And now, too, she took up the offer, harshly and ungraciously made through Isabella's lawyer, of a home in Ireland, with charge of Isabella's child. There had, indeed, been some trouble when Mary requested that instead of fixing her abode at Castle Hayes, she should have leave to furbish into a modern dwelling the old fortress of the McSwineys. But the leave had at last been given, and Mary came back to Donegal with a heavy heart, for she left her son to get from the Jesuits in France that education which law forbade to one of his religion in Ireland; but with a heart that lightened and softened, and swelled into happy tears, at the sight of the familiar mountains, the familiar waters, the figures and voices of the peasants, and the kind countenance of old Mr. Morrison. For the old divine welcomed her to his house while her new abode should be preparing; and there, last of all, and chief of all, her heart found a sudden happiness in the face of the girl, orphan of living parents, who greeted her with a shy rapture infinitely touching; a face new to Mary, and yet so strangely acquainted.

Mary McSwiney was not, in any common sense of the words, either clever or imaginative. She looked forward with much apprehension to the charge of this wild slip of a girl who had grown up with little control over her—so Mary guessed, and guessed rightly. She feared that she might seem to come as the governess, the duenna. It never entered her mind that her advent would be surrounded with a glamour of romance; that the prospect of companionship with a woman whose love-venture, picturesque and tragic, had been the introduction to a near view of Paris and the great world, was a prospect to keep a young brain awake for

many a night through weeks of waiting. Nor indeed, even when that companionship had grown into the sweetness of dear habitude, did she ever realise in the least all the emotions that were crowded into those days of the girl's life that preceded and followed the coming of this gentle beautiful person, with the soft grave face, soft laughter, and soft yet firm voice, who had fled over seas into poverty with a man seeking her at the risk of his life.

But, if Mary did not understand, that argued no imperfection in the companionship. She had that intelligence of the heart which is the most endearing of qualities. Herself owning no special taste for books or any kind of brain-spinning, she was in no way aloof from this girl, who had grown up in Mr. Morrison's library, and ranged at will over its shelves. If Grace chose to talk to her of what she read, nothing that interested Grace was strange to her. If Grace chose to read and not to talk of her reading, she was well content that the girl should do so. Sympathy kept them in touch; there was no need for discussion. She herself did not talk greatly of her own pre-occupations. She told Grace what Hugh said in his letters; she told her anxieties for his health; that was perhaps all. But Grace knew what it meant to Mary; she felt the hunger in the woman's eyes when the two climbed to the turret of Carrig Castle, and watched the road over Slieve Alt for Hugh to come riding home to a welcome of few words.

That April day, when Hugh arrived from France, had not been by any means so great a landmark in Grace's life as the other day, four years earlier, when Mary came to take charge of her niece. But there was no denying to herself, Grace thought, while she watched and



waited, that she was curious—that she was excited. She reasoned with herself upon it. Why be so perturbed for a schoolboy—just emancipated, it was true, but still a mere schoolboy—and a whole month younger than herself? Why should she fear to seem countrified to a schoolboy? She forgot herself for a while, when at last he was come, in the sense of Mary's happiness; but soon she was analysing her impressions. Certainly he was handsome; his face, perhaps, a trifle wedge-shaped, but undeniably handsome. And he had good manners; the trace of a foreign accent when he spoke English was no way displeasing. She thought him over very carefully that night when she went to her room in the turret.

Now, their comradeship was a month old. They had walked, talked, joked, and quarrelled together interminably. Undoubtedly, life had been very pleasant. Nevertheless Grace felt sometimes that the sparring between them vexed her. Always she cherished a kind of grudge against Hugh in her inmost heart for his wider range of experience. Let him attempt even for an instant to give himself airs of superiority on that account, and she flew at him. Sometimes he vexed her on purpose; sometimes, and that was worse, he offended her without meaning it. But still, day in day out, it was a wonderfully pleasant world; and there was always the consoling fact that she could ride barebacked on the pony that had put him over its head out of stirrups and saddle.

At the present moment she was secretly regretting that she had yielded to her aunt's persuasions and refrained from learning to fish with the fly. She would have dearly liked to have taken Hugh's rod and killed a salmon with it, where he had failed.

They had made their way, still sparring, along the path by the long pool to where the salmon-trap blocked the water at the lower end; then through a fir plantation, skirting a stretch where the river broadened, and flowed or trickled in shallow streams through a wide bed, dotted with rocks and boulders. Here a few trails of weed and the water-mark on stones spoke of tide; and just below was the bridge high over a deep narrow water, the upward limit of the sea. On each side of it the rocks were thick with oozy seaweed. At the head of it boulders were piled thickly, where in old days, before the bridge was built, men forded the river. At this moment from either side you could step dry-shod, leaping from rock to rock, to where a mere trickle of stream flowed through a gap five yards wide into the head of the sea-hole.

On this line of rocks Hugh now took his stand and fished, as no mortal can refrain from doing, over the sign of salmon. Close up by the weed-fringed stones, out in the centre where a fine ripple broke the water, fish after fish showed; blackish purple backs heaved up for a moment over the top, then disappeared. Salmon, fresh run from the sea, the joy of every angler, were wallowing and jostling each other in a shoal. Hugh fished with keen expectation, looking every moment for the swirl, the downward plunge, the weight on the line. But it did not come.

After ten minutes he turned to Neddy in disgust. "It's no use," he said; "they won't look at me, and the tide will let them up in a minute."

At the same moment he heard a splashing to his right, and looking toward it saw a fine fish endeavouring to shoulder his way over the shallow passage, his tail lashing with-

out grip, his back out of water. And quick as a cat Neddy was on him, jerked the gaff into the silvery side, and picked his way back swiftly across the stones to the shore.

"There, now! Didn't I tell you you would get fish? I knowed rightly they would smell the fresh coming down."

As he was still speaking, in the intervals of knocking the struggling fish on the head, again the splashing began. There were three or four now in a drove together. Hugh yielded to temptation. Flinging his line across the exposed backs he drew it sharply to him; one of the flies took hold, and a fish, foul-hooked, struggled heavily down into the sea-pool, and began to dash wildly across it. Two or three minutes of excitement followed; then the salmon, burrowing in the sea-weed, shook itself clear. But by this time the tide was pouring in, and the gap was a full waterway. As the flood spread upward, everywhere across the wide shallow backs began to show steering upward, slanting this way and that as the fish nosed for a passage.

"You could get a dozen if you wanted them, Mr. Hugh," said Neddy. "Would you like to take the gaff and fetch another out?"

"You old thief, Neddy," retorted Hugh, laughing; "is there any poaching wickedness to do with fish you aren't acquainted with? No, the one will be plenty, won't it, Grace? I don't suppose your Sir Garrett will eat two salmon."

Neddy looked up from under his eyebrows. "Is it for Sir Garrett Lambert ye wanted the salmon? Troth then, if I'd known that, devil a one of me would have got him for ye."

"Why, Neddy?" asked Grace with amusement. "What harm did Sir Garrett ever do you?"

"Do on me! Didn't he renaige his religion for dirty money? It's a wonder the mistress would sit down to meat with him."

"Well, Neddy," said Grace, "it would have to be a very bad man the mistress would refuse a dinner to; and Mr. Hugh will be able to tell them how he played that salmon all through the sea-pool before he landed it."

Neddy's face lit up. "Och now, isn't it the pity I wouldn't be there myself to put a good story on it!"

As the two young people walked back with their trophy, Hugh said: "I'm rather of Neddy's opinion. What does this Sir Garrett Lambert want with us? I hate the sight of his fat face."

#### CHAPTER XIX.

THESE eighteen years had not dealt well with Sir Garrett Lambert; yet perhaps this was only just, for Sir Garrett had not dealt well with the years. Your coarse dip gutters away quickly, whether it burns at one end or at both; and Sir Garrett at five and forty was almost an old man, whose dull opaque eye more than foreshadowed a lascivious senility. Mary McSwiney felt a sharp repugnance as she observed his stare rest on the fresh young girl who stood by the old spinet turning over music.

Sir Garrett, however, who prided himself on the ease of his manners, seemed indeed extremely at his ease as he stretched out his booted legs to the peat fire, which burnt pleasantly, and cheered the vast and somewhat gloomy room in the old castle.

"Damme, madam," he said, "you and your charming niece would soon reconcile me to this French fashion you have brought over of leaving the table with the ladies."

"You are very good to submit to it, Sir Garrett," Mary answered; "but, indeed, it is no great privation that I impose, for I fear that our cellar has little to offer. And as for Hugh, we can hardly persuade him to sit through a meal. As you see, I have to apologise to you for his absence. Where is he, Grace?"

"Gone to shoot some rabbits, I think," said the girl. "He is never happy without a rod or a gun in his hand."

"And so," said the visitor, with his most engaging smile, "Master Hugh is still of the age to think that there is nothing more attractive than the pursuit of fish or fowl? Does he neglect his other opportunities, eh, Mrs. McSwiney?"

"I think," said Mary quietly, "that Hugh is very well pleased to be at home again."

"With his mother—and his pretty cousin, eh, Miss Grace?" added Sir Garrett with a chuckle. "But come, are you not going to sing for me again?"

"As you will, Sir Garrett," answered the girl, reddening, and angry with herself that she reddened.

Sir Garrett listened indulgently, beating time with his hand, while his heavy stare rested on the soft curves of the girl's throat and breast as they rose and fell with the song.

"Excellent," he said, applauding loudly at the close; "on my word, most excellent! I have never heard a sweeter voice. And I may tell you, Miss Grace, that I have listened to the finest singers, not in our own miserable playhouse in Smock Alley, but in Covent Garden itself." He had risen as he spoke, and approached the girl before he added in a lower tone, "But it may be that the singer's face somewhat won upon my critical judgement."

Unused as the girl was to compli-

ment, the gross flattery affected even while it offended her. She was angry at finding herself reduced to a flushed silence, unable to reply except by a curtsy, and wondering all the while what grain of truth might lie in the praise. Swift imagination was shaping the great world so coarsely suggested, yet still brought nearer.

Mary came to the rescue. "Come, Sir Garrett, be moderate," she said. "Grace sings very nicely to my mind, and that is all about it."

Sir Garrett turned to her. "I protest, madam, I speak no more than the truth. But I understand that this is only one of your niece's accomplishments. Miss Grace, will you not be as good as your word and show me some of the paintings that you tell me are treasured in your own apartment? I take myself to be something of a connoisseur."

By this time the girl had somewhat recovered her composure, and her sense of proportion. "I will do so gladly, Sir Garrett," she answered with a gay mockery. "You will be able to compare them with the works of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and I trust that the comparison may not damage his laurels."

She moved toward the door, and the gentleman hastened to open it for her. As she passed out, he bent to her and said, "Give me five minutes, Miss Grace. There is a matter of some moment on which I desire to speak with your guardian—not altogether without importance to yourself!" He accompanied this speech with a leer of infinite significance. The girl curtsied and passed out, strangely confused.

Sir Garrett, on his part, showed no trace of confusion. Planting himself on the hearth-rug with his back to the fire, he surveyed Mary McSwiney with the air of one who comes to confer a gift but intends to preface it

by admonition. Mary met him with calm steady eyes, in which none but those who knew her well could have seen the trace of anger.

Sir Garrett cleared his throat. "Hum! Madam, as I understand, you are entrusted by Mrs. Maxwell with the charge of her daughter."

"Certainly, Sir Garrett," Mary answered quietly.

"It is a responsible position."

"I do not forget that."

The tone would have checked a thinner-skinned monitor. Sir Garrett, however, was not to be so put off. "But, damme, madam," he retorted, "it seems to me that you do. Is it a right thing for the girl to be wandering over the countryside with a young fellow on the pretence of shooting, fishing, or what not—and a young fellow who can't marry her, at that?"

The inflection of anger was unconcealed now in Mary's voice as she replied, "By what right, Sir Garrett, do you speak to me of these matters?"

Lambert drew himself up to a noble attitude, and inflated his chest. "The man of substance" was written large on him as he spoke with pompous gravity. "I mean no offence, madam. I merely wish to warn you. Say, for example, that a man thought of marrying the girl, would he not have a right to object? Mind you," he added, shaking a forefinger, "I say nothing positive; I merely suppose the case."

"In that case," replied Mary, "I should say that any gentleman of suitable age and character and position was at full liberty to pay his addresses to Miss Maxwell; but I should refuse to be advised by him how to govern my own house."

"Then permit me to observe," said Lambert, growing angrier, "that you are doing very ill by your niece, and by the trust that is reposed in you.

Curse it, madam, a man expects his fruit fresh; he does not want it pawed over by a youngster."

Mary rose from her chair. "Sir Garrett, I cannot allow you or any one else to say such things to me. I think you will find your horse in the stables."

But Lambert was now red and swollen in the face with fury.

"What! what! Am I not to be allowed to say a word upon the bringing up of the girl that I am going to marry?"

Mary looked at him scornfully. "Did I understand you right? Has Grace become engaged to you, Sir Garrett? I am surprised that she should have done such a thing without my knowledge."

"I did not say that, madam," the man retorted, raising his voice loud; "I said—the girl I was going to marry. And Grace is the girl I am going to marry, whatever projects you may harbour to the contrary."

"Then, Sir Garrett," said Mary, moving to the door which she threw open, "until you have the title to speak to me with authority, I will ask you to withdraw."

"What, and give you time to entrap the girl into an engagement! Not I. I demand the right to make my proposal here and now."

Mary's grey eyes grew very hard. "Sir Garrett, if you had asked me this as a matter of courtesy, there could have been no objection. As a matter of right, I refuse it. I consider you in no way a fit match for my niece."

Sir Garrett Lambert choked with rage. "Me, madam! Me! You consider me not a fit match for a girl whose mother disowns her and may never leave her a penny, if she has a penny to leave. Ah, madam, you have your own plans, but do not count on them. Your sister is making

money fly. There is not such another gamester at Bath or the Wells. And what is to stop her from marrying a curate when she reaches the age of piety, and settling every half-penny on him? What expectation has the girl, I ask you? Her mother won't look at her—hates the sound of her name. I made her bite her lip, I promise you, with talking to her in a company at Bath about her sweet infant. Bear that in mind, madam, when you plot to throw her and this youngster of yours together."

"Once for all, Sir Garrett," said Mary, "I must ask you to leave this house. Whoever Grace may marry will, I trust, be able to support her. I repeat that you do not appear to me in any way a person whose offer should be entertained."

At that moment Grace, with a portfolio of drawings, came into the room. Mary turned to her. "You must go away now, Grace," she said.

But Sir Garrett threw himself before the girl, shut the door, and set his back to it. "No, by God, she sha'n't; not till she hears me. Listen to me, Grace, my pretty. I want you to marry me. I'm a man that has seen the world and knows what's what. You're the girl for me. But you're young. You don't know what I'm offering. So listen. If you take me, you'll take a rent-roll of five thousand a year, and a place under government worth twelve hundred. You'll take a man who commands three votes in the House of Commons, and has voted steady with ministers these ten years. And I tell you for a fact, I have Harcourt's promise for a barony this minute, and if you marry me, you'll be Lady Renvyle before you're twenty, and you'll walk out of the room before any woman in this county."

His words came thick and fast, while the girl stood dazed and

puzzled, scarcely understanding the situation. "What does he mean, Aunt Mary?" she asked confusedly.

"Don't mind your aunt," cried Sir Garrett. "Listen to me," he went on, his red face now close up to the girl's. "Take me, my pretty, and you shall go to balls and the opera, and Almack's, and all the world will turn to stare at the beautiful Lady Renvyle. You shall have finer diamonds than any peeress in Ireland. Don't give me my answer now; think it over. And don't mind your aunt; she wants you to marry her brat of a boy and starve with him, as she starved with his father in a dirty Paris lodging."

Grace's eyes flashed at the taunt to her friends, and she drew herself proudly away. "Have you done, sir? Then I wish the brat of a boy were here, and I would ask him to throw you out of the window into the river."

The man stared at her furiously for a moment with red angry eyes. "You little vixen!" he said. "I was at the taming of your mother, but I'll tame you myself." Then turning on his heel he strode heavily out of the room, and banged the door after him.

Grace stood flaming, a picture of fierce resentment. "How dare he?" she cried. "How dare he think such things? I would have liked to kill him."

"What matter, Grace dear?" said Mary, kissing her. "What matter what a man like that says?"

But in her heart Mary foreboded trouble.

## CHAPTER XX.

JUNE once more on Slieve Alt; but June rainy, not radiant. John Maxwell pressed his tired beast up the hilly road through a grey smother



of soft wet mist that hid all beyond the near distance. He pushed on through the gap in the mountain ridge, haunted by an odd sense at once of familiarity and strangeness, of perfect and imperfect recollection. Here and there a form of grey rock standing out smote him with recognition like the sudden face of a friend; and again another landmark would come on him as new and bewildering. The sense of contracted distances was always on him; roads seemed narrower, hills lower than they were in his vague mental picture of them. Once through the gap, he strained his eyes for a glimpse of Douros, but only a shadowy outline of mountain and water was before him. He quickened to a trot on the downward slope, presently reining in as the descent grew break-neck. Under him the tarn was grey and melancholy, a little wetter than the sky. Downward and downward he rode, the mist always thinning, till the shore opposite began to take shape, again oddly disappointing in its lack of conformity to the mind's image. He felt more and more a stranger; no need for him to have feared that his face would be recognised as he trotted through Kilcolumb. Here he was back at the hamlet by the lake-side at the foot of the mountain; here were the same cabins, mud-walled, ill-thatched; but not a face he identified among the few which stared out at the passing stranger, with his valise strapped behind him on the big horse. Now he was clean out of the mist; it was simply a day of grey weather, as he had seen so many in that country. The road to Lanan bridge did not turn at the angle quite as he remembered; he was after all, he felt, a stranger, who vaguely had a knowledge of his direction.

Over the brow of the moor he passed, where it rises in a knoll between lake

and sea-lough; and now the Douros woods were plain before him, and plain, too, the grey square tower of Castle Carrig. He remembered his last look back from there; he remembered his last fording of Douros; and he thought of the unlooked for unsuspected tie that was drawing him back after these eighteen years.

Down now to the bridge he trotted, and as he went the horse stumbled a little; small blame to a beast that had been ridden that day from Derry, across the Swilly bridge at Letterward, and on and on over these mountains. "Hold up, boy," said Maxwell. "We're nearly there. Then your troubles will be over—and mine beginning," he added to himself.

There was the bridge, hog-backed and narrow as in his memory; and now he was taking the sharp rise through the belt of rough larch-wood and copse that fringed Lanan on the left bank. Positively the clouds were lifting; the road was drying already. And then, as he issued from the wood on to the open space of moorland, he saw in front of him—a girl.

She was walking with a quick light step in the same direction as himself. Her dress was of the same material as the peasants wore—home-spun woollen, dyed blue with alder. But her feet were shod, and instead of a shawl she wore a cape that showed a mass of soft red-brown hair under her little hat. At the sight of her, Maxwell instinctively pulled his horse to a stand.

There could be little doubt of it. Young ladies were not so plentiful on the shores of Douros that this could be any but the girl he had made his journey to see; the girl of whom he had thought with such an odd mixture of tenderness, curiosity, and apprehension, through these three weeks of travelling from town to town and from house to house of northern



Ireland. And now that he saw her before him, he was half inclined to turn back.

He watched the girl's figure, tall and graceful, as she walked on unconscious. Now she was fifty yards farther from him, growing less distinct to sight. And as she drew away, cords that he had not known pulled him after her.

He laughed to himself a little nervously. "Well! this is certainly the oddest moment of my life."

He stirred his horse into a walk, then into an easy trot. As the hoofbeats approached, the girl looked back to see who came; and, surprised by the sight of a stranger, turned her head again quickly and walked on. Maxwell drew alongside of her, then, checking his horse, saluted.

"Madam, may I ask for a direction? The people on this mountain seem ignorant of English. I am on my way to Carrig Castle, which, I make no doubt, is the building I saw yonder" (and he pointed), "and they told me in Kilcolumb of a short cut. My horse is tired and I would gladly spare him all that I can."

As he spoke, his eyes were keen on the face of the young girl, whose countenance took on a pleasant air of welcome when he mentioned Carrig Castle.

"I can direct you, sir, with pleasure," she answered, and her voice, Maxwell noted, was musical and flexible, full of compass. "A little farther on you will find a lane turning to the right. There is a kind of causeway across a small backwater up which the tide runs between us and the Castle, and the lane will lead you to it. Your horse can easily ford the place, but you will see only stepping-stones, and you must be careful to keep to the right, for above them the pool is deep. Otherwise you must ride to where the approach

branches from the road, and it will add another two miles."

While she spoke, Maxwell's brain was busy. "Heavens!" he thought to himself, "can I be wrong? Is this my daughter? Is it not my daughter? She has a look—but how can one tell? Altogether it is a droll predicament. Here is a girl telling me, her father, a way which I have ridden a score of times. If she were not my daughter, she would be simply a very pretty girl, and I should certainly endeavour to find out who she was. Where is the voice of nature? This is ridiculous. The voice of nature will not say anything till it has been assured that it is right. I think she is my daughter. I hope she is my daughter. If I am her father, I may judge of the propriety of her conduct, and I do not see why I should not prolong the interview."

"I thank you most sincerely, madam," he answered. "And my horse also should thank you. I have ridden from Derry."

"From Derry?" said the girl, her eyes opening wide. "But you must be dreadfully fatigued. I am glad you are at your journey's end. You are sure you understand the way? Because—" She hesitated for a moment. Who in the world could this be? she thought. This stranger—this pleasant-looking stranger who addressed her as "madam," and looked at her with such an air of interest? She knew that her aunt expected no one. Would it be right for her to offer to accompany him? Would it be forward? She looked up at him with perplexity evident in her face. He answered with a pleasant smile, and an assumed stupidity. "I think it is clear to me, madam. I go on. I meet a lane which leads to a ford. I keep the stepping-stones on my right."

"Oh no, no," she cried. "If you do that your horse will go in up to his neck. You keep on the right of them. But if you are going to Castle Carrig, that is where I live. Would you like me to show you? It is only quite a little way, and my aunt would be so sorry if you got wet."

Maxwell's heart gave a sudden leap. "My aunt." That settled it then. So—this was his daughter.

He took off his hat with a low bow and dismounted. "You are very kind," he said. "If Mrs. McSwiney is your aunt, I may be allowed to present myself. I am called John Macnamara. I knew your aunt a long time ago."

The girl curtsied. "And I am Grace Maxwell," she said,—and his heart stirred strangely at the sound of his own name on those lips. "My aunt will be so glad," she said, as they walked on. "She is always glad when old friends come all this way to see her. I suppose it was in France that you knew her."

Maxwell smiled a little. "Why do you suppose that, may I ask?"

"Oh, because you do not look as if you belonged to this part of the world, and my aunt only lived here before she went to France. And I do not think I have ever heard your name."

"Ah, it is a long time ago," he answered. "You are quite right, I did not belong to these parts, but there was a great deal of coming and going at Douros in those days. And now they tell me it is very different."

"Different!" she cried, with a note of regret in her voice. "Indeed it is. Why, there is never anybody here. Nobody has lived in Douros since my grandmother died, and we are at the very back of beyond. Oh, you can be sure of a welcome, Mr. Macnamara," she said, breaking into a laugh that rose like a lark's song.

"That is a good hearing," said Maxwell. His face was turned from the girl for a moment. The desire to question her was irresistible; yet he must not seem to question. "Unlucky Douros," he said, as he looked across the bay. "But"—and a grave smile lit up his face as he turned to the girl—"when Douros was full, Carrig was empty. I do not think that the back of beyond is a wilderness. Your aunt was the pleasantest thing in Douros; and now"—he paused for a moment and bowed—"she is not alone in Carrig."

The little compliment conveyed by the inflection of his voice rather than the words pleased the girl. But his eyes puzzled her as they turned on her. No one had ever looked at her like that—as if he were seeking for something, she thought. An idea flashed upon her—a romantic intuition. "I am afraid I am not at all like my aunt," she answered naively.

Maxwell was at once amused and horrified to find her come so near his thought, and he lost a good deal of his carefully planned caution. "No," he answered gently, "you are not. You have a look of the whole family, of course."

"Ah," she said quickly, "you knew them all!" Then, with a curious eagerness, "Did you know my mother?"

The question had come quicker than he looked for it, and it staggered him a little. He hesitated for a moment before he gave her the evasive answer which he had carefully framed. "I heard a great deal of your mother. But she was never at Douros in the days when I knew your aunt."

"And you never met her since?" Grace questioned eagerly.

"Never."

The flush of excitement died out

of the girl's face. She seemed like one who has been cruelly disappointed. "Ah," she said half to herself, "what a pity!"

Watching her, the man felt himself strangely wrought upon. This yearning, so plainly shown, after tidings of the unknown parent who had used her with so little kindness, filled him with compassion. At an impulse he spoke. "I knew your father in America, Miss Maxwell; indeed I came to see you as much as to see your aunt."

Quick as a flash, the girl turned. "My father!" she cried. "Oh, I hope I am not like him!"

A slow curious smile came to Maxwell's lips—as if they were forced to it, yet not by his will—but his eyes turned sombre. "No," he answered, "I do not think you need be afraid of that."

The girl felt the change in his tone. "Oh, I am sorry," she cried, "He was your friend—or is your friend. We do not even know if he is living."

"He vanished some years ago in the backwoods of Canada," Maxwell answered gently. "His friends heard no more of him."

"I am sorry I spoke like that," said the girl. "I can see you liked him. I am sure he had good in him." Then she hesitated. "He was not very good to my mother."

Again the odd contorted smile came over Maxwell's face, but with a softer light in his eyes. "Yes," he said, "I know the story; your father kept nothing from me, I think. But I know one thing now that he did not know then."

The girl looked at him quickly. "What is that?" she asked, with a certain imperiousness that was habitual to her.

Maxwell's eyes were turned from her as he answered, "That he had a daughter."

"But—what?" she cried, and paused for an instant. Then "What do you mean?" she asked, with the imperious note strengthened.

"Just what I say," her father answered. "He did not know. I only learnt of your existence the other day when I was inquiring after your aunt."

"Oh!" the girl said, with heavy-breathing emphasis, and was silent for a moment. Then she spoke. "Do you know I think that makes it all still more unpardonable?"

Maxwell's eyes half closed as he looked before him, unseeing. The conflict of pain and laughter was intensified in his face. "Truly," he thought, "I knew this must be a droll moment, this meeting. I had not realised the full scope of the comedy." But he answered her at once in a voice curiously expressionless. "Indeed. Why do you say that?"

"Why? Surely if a man inflicts on a woman such a wrong as that, and goes away and leaves her, he might at least in all these years have informed himself of her welfare. She was his wife, after all."

The man's face was averted, looking towards the bay; and the girl who spoke more to her own thoughts than to him did not see his lip quiver. Then he turned ceremoniously. "I cannot defend my friend. He never defended himself. I can only tell you that he believed himself to have acted for the best in withdrawing altogether. And you will guess that he did not desire to be reminded of the story. But I can understand your feeling towards him."

"You can!" cried the girl in surprise and exultation, her face suddenly lighting. "Can you really? I am so glad. Everyone has always told me that my father behaved so nobly, and they blame my mother. I cannot bear it. It seems to me so wrong—so unjust."

There was no touch of pain now in the smile that played about Maxwell's eyes and mouth, but a genuine laughter mingled with tenderness. "I can understand indeed, my dear young lady. I understand well. And, if you will permit me to say so, I think that in this you are like your father. He would have understood, as I do."

Grace looked at him with some amazement and incredulity. "Truly? Are you sure?" she said.

"Quite sure."

"Then I am glad." She paused again for a minute. "You will tell me all about my father, will you not?"

"I will tell you all I can," he said with his grave air. "But it is a long story. There is not time now. Here is your ford, I see."

"Oh yes. What a bother!" she cried, suddenly interrupted. "But you promise you will tell me by myself."

"Yes, I promise. I will tell you all the good I can of him," he added, smiling.

"That is right. Now you must get on your horse."

He did so. Then a flood of unaccountable laughter suffused his face. Taking off his hat he said, "Ladies still ride pillion, I think. May I not offer you a seat behind me?"

"Me?" she cried. "No indeed, I need no horse here. See."

And she ran across, jumping from stepping-stone to stepping-stone, with swift un stumbling feet. Maxwell on his horse splashed slowly after her. As he followed, his contriving brain was busy. In his forecast of what would happen, he had wavered. Should he declare himself to the girl? Should he not? Now, at last, his mind was made up. As a stranger, he could make friends with her, win her confidence; but to appear as her father—decidedly not. And he was now filled with apprehensions lest

Mary should recognise and reveal him before he could prevent her. When he joined the girl who stood waiting for him he dismounted again. "Will you do me a great kindness, Miss Maxwell? Be my herald. I was obliged to come unannounced, and I do not like to spring a surprise on Mrs. McSwiney."

"Oh, but do," the girl cried gleefully. "I should love to see Aunt Mary brought face to face with her past—for you were in love with her, were you not?" she said suddenly.

Maxwell gasped. The quickness of this girl's imagination astounded him. He did not realise that Aunt Mary was always a centre of romance. But he parried quickly. "We were all in love with your aunt," he answered, laughing. "But I wish you would go on and announce me. I can assure you she will probably not even remember my name, and you will enable her to assume a pretty and deceitful air of forgetfulness."

The girl looked at him with a touch of disdain. "You cannot have known Aunt Mary very well," she said. "She would never assume a pretty and deceitful air. I might," she added ingenuously, "but she—never." Then she cried suddenly, "You shall see for yourself anyhow, for here she comes."

It was indeed Mary who came down the winding path towards them; her hair a little touched with grey, but her face settled into a great beauty of dignity and repose. And Jack saw her eyes looking at him in bewilderment.

Quickly he went forward, hat in hand. "Mrs. McSwiney," he said, "I am John Macnamara. Have you forgotten the old days at Douras?"

At the sound of his voice, bewilderment vanished from Mary's face, and Grace's eyes, keen on her, saw for the first time a flood of confused

red surge up into her aunt's face. Here indeed was confirmation for all the girl's quick fancies. But Mary's perfect nerve and composure gave her mastery over all but the sudden motions of her blood. "Indeed I have not forgotten," she said, holding out her hand. "But I was surprised."

"I could not write," Maxwell went on quickly, bridging over the situation. "And I was just asking your niece to announce me and try to secure a welcome."

"An old friend need not try hard for that. And so you and Grace have made friends?"

"Mr. Macnamara asked his way of me," said the girl, blushing a little, "and so I showed him the ford."

"That is right. Run on now, like a good child, and tell them to get things ready, and find some one to take his horse."

Grace obeyed, her head busy with speculations, her heart just a little touched with jealousy at this sudden dispossession of her new proprietorship. Still, she was not sorry to be alone to think over all that she had heard—and was going to hear.

In the meantime the two elders watched in silence her retreating figure as she ran quickly before them till she was out of earshot.

Then Mary spoke. "And now, Mr. Macnamara"—she emphasised the name—"what does all this mean?"

Maxwell turned round and faced her, standing still. "Mary, I have just done what I swore I would never do again. I have asked a young lady to ride pillion behind me."

Again the red flamed in Mary's cheeks, giving her a girlish touch quaintly at variance with her matronly carriage. She covered her face with her hands. "Oh, Jack, do not be unkind. If you only knew," she cried.

"My dear, my dear," he said quickly, "forgive me; I was a fool to laugh. All these years I have been glad of one thing, that you at least did not spoil your life. I wish fortune had been kinder to you."

Mary looked up at him with her candid eyes. "You need not be sorry for me, Jack. We are very well pleased with ourselves here—my boy and I, and Grace."

He scanned her carefully. "Yes," he said at last, "you look content. You have not altered a great deal, Mary—only ripened."

"You have altered greatly, Jack," she answered, "but I don't say it is for the worse."

"But you knew me at once. I did not think you would."

Mary laughed quietly. "You forget, Jack, that I have lived four years with your daughter. Do you think she never reminded me of you? Are you pleased with her? Is she not a daughter to be proud of?"

Maxwell's face took on its queer deprecating smile. "You know, Mary, I don't feel as if I could take any credit for that young lady. And I was not talking to her for five minutes before I learnt that she was in no way proud of her father."

Mary made a gesture of despair. "Oh, Jack, you did not talk to her about yourself?"

He nodded. "I fear I was rash enough to say I knew her father. No, Mary, don't protest. I know what you are going to say. If the girl has taken a dislike to my name, it is not only because you were foolish enough to praise me for what I did. And, after all, what does it matter? She has an enthusiasm for her mother."

"I wish her mother had some of it for her," Mary answered.

Maxwell shrugged his shoulders. "Anyhow, she has a very proper

appreciation of her Aunt Mary. Is it not a queer chance, Mary, that you should be the one to make up to her for the misfortune of her parentage?"

"Jack," said the woman solemnly, "it is more than a queer chance. And I have thanked God for the chance every night these four years."

There was silence for a moment. Then Maxwell took her hand and kissed it. "Thank you, Mary," he said, "for myself and my daughter."

They moved on slowly towards the house for a little, then Mary stopped again.

"What are you going to do?" she asked, and in her question also there was an air of command. But no less evidently there was a hint of

laughing rebellion in the man's answer.

"I am going to make friends with the daughter of my old friend, John Maxwell, who disappeared in Canada. I will tell you all the rest of it presently. But I must be Mr. Macnamara, please. Only—how long must I go on calling that child Miss Maxwell?"

Mary laughed her gentle soft laugh. "Oh, I will authorise it to be Grace at once—and Hugh also. I am glad you will see Hugh. And I am very glad you came."

"For old times' sake," he said.

"Yes, for old times' sake. But for another reason too, that I will tell you when you have told me what brings you here."

*(To be continued.)*



## THE BATTLE OF SHREWSBURY.

For the week beginning on the 19th of this month the ancient borough of Shrewsbury will hold high festival, and in all England there is not a town more worthy to be the scene of historic commemorations or medieval pageants, nor one more adapted to stimulating the fancy of sympathetic visitors whose minds are for the moment turned towards the days of old. On the 21st of July, in the year 1403, was fought the famous fight on Hateley field, the "sorrie battaile of Shrobbesberie" as contemporary chroniclers have it. And it is the quincenatary of this murderous conflict, which preserved the throne to the fourth Henry, and to the House of Lancaster, for three reigns at any rate, that the Salopians are about to celebrate with such praiseworthy historic zeal.

On the Sunday the civic dignitaries of town and county, supported by the military strength of the whole district concerned, will attend in state that beautiful old red sandstone Abbey church which is only waiting, I believe, for the inevitable division of the diocese of Lichfield to assume the becoming dignity of a cathedral. On Monday there will be public receptions and in addition Mr. Benson's Company, with the whole strength of the Lyceum appurtenances, will act the very topical play of *RICHARD THE SECOND*. On Tuesday there will be a special service conducted by the bishop in a church that has no precise counterpart in England, the church that was erected on the battlefield under Henry the Fourth's own patronage for the saying of perpetual

masses for the souls of those who had fallen. Mr. Wyllie, the first living authority on the reign of Henry the Fourth, and his most exhaustive biographer, will again relate on the field itself to sympathetic audiences the story of the sanguinary conflict and the causes that led up to it. Public luncheons, old English games, historical pageants, daily or nightly performances by Mr. Benson's Company of the topical Shakespearean plays are on the week's programme, while an historical fancy dress ball will no doubt recall to the upper world every hero of that stirring period from the Falstaff and Dame Partlet of Shakespeare's creation to the Glyndwrs, the Hotspurs and Lady Mortimers of stern reality. The archaeologist too is expected in force, and Shrewsbury will reveal to him her exceptional treasures by the mouth of local experts. And even in the midst of this early fifteenth century ardour time will be found, no doubt, to visit Uriconium, and over its wonderful excavations to recall the butchering Saxons, the effacement of the *white city*, the death of Cynddylan, the despairing odes of Llywarch Hên. Such is the outline of the delights promised for the third week in July.

Shrewsbury, obstinately and persistently miscalled *Shroosbury* by almost every outsider gentle and simple in all England, is beyond any doubt one of the finest old county-towns in Great Britain. It is not only the unrivalled centre and capital of a large county which in many ways is distinguished above the common,

but, like Chester, it is often called in jest the capital of Wales. At any rate it was for centuries the outpost which stood the shock of Welsh hatred for the Saxon; and now it is virtually the market-town of considerable sections of the Principality that have none of their own to speak of. The grimy hand of manufacturing industry has scarcely smirched it. Its ancient castle and much of those red sandstone walls, which with the help of the river kept the Welsh out of the town for so many centuries, still exist intact. Rows of wonderful old black and white houses, the abodes of county magnates in Tudor times some of them, still form narrow wynds from street to street, or face the market-square and are quite devoid of self-consciousness, neither courting the tourist nor caring two straws for the admiration of outsiders, who as a matter of fact do not find their way here in great numbers. Two fine churches besides the Abbey distinguish the town. The classic Severn, still buoyant with the life and sparkle of the Welsh mountains, enfolds it in almost complete embrace and is bordered within the precincts by lime avenues that rival those of Trinity College in Cambridge, while an ancient school gives the academic touch to which such a place is peculiarly receptive. But Shrewsbury in the middle ages was not thus peaceful. It led no life of even comparative quiescence as did Warwick, Norwich, Exeter, or Northampton. Its parallels were not such towns as these but Carlisle rather, or Morpeth, or Alnwick. The hinges of its gates had to be kept well oiled, its warders wide awake. Like these northern towns too it has memories which stir the blood, and which the very view from its windows looking westward keeps fresh and green.

The battle of 1403, however, laid

once and for all the ghost of its alarms; but it is not for this that Shrewsbury thus gives herself up to an historical revel, but because the fate of the kingdom was settled on that day and because the manner of its settlement was so dramatic.

Henry of Bolingbroke had worn his uneasy crown just four years when he found himself riding in hot haste across England to fight the battle of Shrewsbury. It will be remembered how, returning from the unjust exile his cousin Richard had imposed upon him, he had landed in Yorkshire with a view only of claiming the estates that with more than injustice had been filched from him, but how the Percies and the Nevilles had not merely welcomed him home again, but had encouraged him to seize the throne; which he did with the acclamations of nearly all accessible England, while Richard was trying somewhat feebly to cement the conquests of Henry the Second's Norman-Welsh buccaneers in Ireland. The harsh treatment and mysterious death of Richard must also be remembered against the account of the battle of Shrewsbury. For Wales, Cheshire and some other parts of England had reasons for resenting the dethronement and ill treatment of the handsome, weakly Yorkist King, not the least of which, perhaps, was that they had seen but little of him. By one ill-judged act against its most formidable representative Henry had stirred Wales to frenzy, and for three years Owen Glyndwr had defied him and had done more than anyone to make his life a burden and his crown a thorny one. Scotland too had worried him incessantly. Continental powers had regarded him askance and the attitude of France in particular was threatening, while the financial state of the country all made for discontent. Cool-headed

and good soldier though Henry was, circumstances were all against him as a king, above all when his own friends proved false. In the Percies father and son, his kinsmen, who had helped him to the throne, he placed implicit trust. They were his wardens of the northern marches and had recently defeated the invading Scots with tremendous loss at Homildon, and captured a large number of their most conspicuous leaders, including the Earl of Douglas.

Now the martial etiquette of the period allotted these prisoners, with the substantial ransoms they represented, to the Percies as their captors. Henry, however, could not resist the opportunity of placing so many formidable Scotsmen under lock and key and had forbidden the Percies to put them to ransom and commanded that they should be sent to him in London. "Hotspur," who was of the King's age (about forty), positively refused to send them, but he came himself instead, and a fiery interview took place, in which it is said that the King drew his dagger on Henry Percy, who retired from his presence exclaiming: "Not here but on the field of battle." Two other causes of grievance were cherished by the Percies. The Welsh at the battle of Pilleth had destroyed the royal forces under Sir Edmund Mortimer and had captured that nobleman, who was Earl Percy's son-in-law as well as uncle and guardian to the young Earl of March, the rightful heir to the throne. Glyndwr held Mortimer captive and Henry refused the Percies permission to ransom their relative, naturally thinking that his rival's guardian was well out of the way. Again the King's judgement was unfortunate, for Mortimer made friends with Glyndwr and carried his Radnor and Hereford tenantry over to his side and more-

over married his daughter. Lastly the Percies declared that they were vastly out of pocket by campaigns waged in North Wales and on the Scottish border, for Hotspur had been Governor of North Wales, and complained that the King would not pay them, doubtless because he could not.

If Henry was injudicious in these matters he was at least unsuspecting and over-rated the loyalty of his friends. For in July, 1403, he was hastening northward with a considerable force to support his "very dear Cousins" against the perennial hostility of the Scots and was absolutely thunderstruck when at Higham Ferrars, or somewhere between that town and Lichfield, he heard that they had betrayed him and were at that moment marching southward towards Shrewsbury with an army to join the "Damned Glendower."

The story of the Percies' change of front and long intrigues is mysterious and complicated. It will be enough to say here that they had given freedom to their Scottish prisoners in exchange for their alliance, a bargain which must have suited those warlike borderers admirably. The Earl himself was detained by an illness, which, having regard to that old fox's character, may quite possibly have been in part assumed. But Hotspur with his immediate retainers, and his Scotsmen, set off for the Welsh border gathering an army as he went, and drawing largely on the turbulent, disaffected Palatinate of Cheshire increased his force to fourteen or fifteen thousand men. Glyndwr was at that moment in Carmarthen-shire besieging Dynevor. Such communications as had passed, if any there were, miscarried and the Welsh chieftain was probably ignorant of the near approach of Percy. Casual bodies of North Welshmen joined the latter and the whole strength of

Cheshire, the best archers in England, who came wearing on their shields and tunics the white heart of the dethroned and, as they thought, murdered King, though the fiction of his survival was industriously circulated. Thomas Percy, Earl of Worcester, the trusted adviser of the Prince of Wales on the Welsh border deserted at the eleventh hour and joined his relatives.

One might be permitted the wish that Shakespeare's famous scene of the "Tripartite Indenture," where Glyndwr, Mortimer and Hotspur hold colloquy over an outspread map of England and divide it between them, pending the victory they anticipate in the forthcoming fight, was accurately dated. That the incident was in the main true makes one regret all the more that it occurred three years later in West Carnarvonshire when the possibility of its fruition was so infinitely less and its significance much weakened.<sup>1</sup> Such was the situation when Henry after informing his council at Higham Ferrars in Northamptonshire of the gallant conduct of his "beloved son" Prince Henry and his troops on the Welsh Marches, received the staggering news from the north. Whatever his faults Bolingbroke was every inch a soldier and he rose to the occasion. He had already with him a considerable force, Londoners mainly, but he instantly raised such troops in those midland counties near him as the Sheriffs could assemble at so short notice, and then sent orders to Prince Henry to join him on the road to Shrewsbury with all his forces. The result was that four or five days later he marched into Shrewsbury, which as a Lancastrian town gladly opened its gates to him, with about twenty-five thousand men, almost at the moment when Hotspur with little more than half that

number arrived outside the walls. If these two had still been friends and allies, the meeting would have been well timed; as enemies its precision was a curious coincidence. Henry now held the fords of the Severn while of Glyndwr there was no sign. Even Hotspur's stout heart must have sunk as he withdrew his small army some two miles away to the north of the town where, exhausted like their enemies with fast marching, they bivouacked for the night. He himself spent the night, his last on earth as it proved, a little apart from his army at the mansion of the Bettons at Upper Berwick and a strange tale hangs about his sojourn there or rather two strange tales. For the one relates that on this same evening he cut the outline of his hand upon a panel in the wall, and an old woman who saw it there prophesied that the Bettons would retain their estate only so long as this precious relic was preserved by their descendants:

Whoe'er by chance shall lose this hand  
Will lose both name and house and  
land.

As ill luck would have it the panel was lost in the earlier part of the nineteenth century while the house was undergoing repairs, and the Bettons and Upper Berwick parted company soon afterwards as the old witch had foretold.

The other story too had an old woman for its evil genius, and relates to the morning of the 21st, the day of battle. After the troops had moved on to the field, Henry Percy missed his favourite sword and in answer to his enquiries was informed that it had been left the night before at Berwick. Now it so happened that he had not troubled to enquire the name of the little hamlet where he had slept, and when he heard it he

<sup>1</sup> See OWEN GLYNDWR by A. G. Bradley.

turned pale and said: "I perceive my plough is drawing to the end of the furrow, for an old witch in the North foretold that I should die at Berwick. But, woe to me, the double meaning of the name has beguiled me." The morning brought no sign and no news of Glyndwr, and Hotspur with his late prisoner and present ally Lord Douglas turned, manfully and with a stout heart no doubt, to make the best of a bad business. There was no escaping and indeed that he meant to fight was evident later. For when, after some manœuvring, Hotspur's army was drawn up about three miles from Shrewsbury where Battle church now stands and the royal army was confronting it, the King seemed still in a forgiving and generous mood towards his ancient friends, and actually sent the abbot of Shrewsbury over to their camp with instructions to offer full pardon to Percy and a redress of all his grievances if even at this eleventh hour he would lay down his arms.

It seems incredible that in the face of such odds these terms should have been rejected, but the latest pervert, as is often the case, was the chief barrier to reconciliation and this was Hotspur's uncle, Worcester, whose counsels a few weeks before had been held in such high regard both by the King and his son, and who now scouted their overtures. Hotspur's line of battle faced Shrewsbury from the north. What are now large enclosures were then an open common, though a field of growing peas actually covered their front, together with one or two small ponds, while in the rear the ground sloped gently upward. We know little of the relative strength of the various bodies which made up Percy's army, but a few hundred at the most probably came from Northumberland and North Yorkshire. South Yorkshire

and Lancashire doubtless contributed some as he marched southward, but Cheshire, as we have ample evidence, turned out in its full strength. The men of that county were at that time the best bowmen in England, and this was the first battle in which Englishmen had been themselves compelled to face that fierce tempest of arrows, that deadly hail with which they had scourged France and had broken the chivalry of Scotland and were yet to win Agincourt. It is not usually known that the famous English long bow was an adaptation and improvement of the South Welsh bow.<sup>1</sup> The bowmen of Glamorgan and of Gwent, Archenfield and other lordships which afterwards merged into Monmouthshire, had been for a time the best archers in Britain. The mantle had now fallen on Cheshire, which prided itself on its independence of King, Lords and Commons and came into the fight, rather because Richard had been its earl and overlord in his private capacity, than because he had been its king. Welshmen were there too, mostly no doubt from Flint, as that county had been made by Edward the First a kind of appanage of the Cheshire Palatinate. There were doubtless some too from the Mortimer estates about Denbigh and the lower end of the Vale of Clwyd. No one, however, rates the total of Hotspur's army at more than fifteen thousand. The King on the other hand had his original force of southerners, the levies he had raised hastily in the Midlands on hearing of the trouble before him, and the army which the young Prince Henry, now only fifteen years old, had collected for a fresh invasion of Wales.

One may perhaps take note here that the scapegrace of Shakespeare and popular imagination could have

<sup>1</sup> Morris's *WELSH WARS OF EDWARD I.*

had uncommonly little time for purse-cutting and frolicking in London. No young Prince ever spent a graver or more strenuous youth. For years he had his headquarters at Shrewsbury and Chester, which he rarely left except to take the field against Glyndwr, who had driven his father three times out of the principality in as many years, and fully justified the boast which the great dramatist puts into his mouth.

Thrice from the banks of Wye  
And sandy bottomed Severn have I  
sent  
Him bootless home and weather-  
beaten back.

The King held his eldest son in great esteem, as well he may have, and to anyone who has followed the Welsh wars of the prince Shakespeare's picture of Bolingbroke lamenting that his own son and Earl Percy's had not been changed in their cradles comes somewhat as a shock; still more of a shock is it to remember that, so far from Prince Hal and Hotspur having lain in their cradles contemporaneously, it was the King himself and Henry Percy that were of an age.

More than half the day had been wasted and "Shrewsbury clock" must have been near striking the hour of four; at any rate the shadows must have been lengthening, when King Henry threw his mace into the air as a signal for the beginning of the bloodiest battle that had dyed the soil of England since the Norman Conquest. "Then suddenly the trumpets blew, the King's party cried St. George upon them, the adversaries cried 'Esperance Percy' and so furiously the armies joined."

Many old chroniclers have described this battle and with much wealth of imagery and epithet in their endeavours to depict its fury. All agree it

opened with a terrific discharge of arrows from the bows of Percy's Cheshire archers. "They fell upon the King's troops," says Walsingham, "like leaves in Autumn. Everyone struck a mortal man." The royal army which was advancing could make no head against it, and formed in two massive columns such as those with which the French had so often and so fruitlessly rushed to their fate upon the bent bows of the English archers. The King's vanguard was staggered, and as the hail of arrows continued to lash them, their formation broke and signs of confusion and retreat arose. Prince Henry was wounded in the face. He had insisted on posting himself where the danger was greatest and resisted the efforts of those who would drag him hurt and bleeding from the field. Percy's army seems at this opportune moment, as was only natural, to have made a fierce onslaught, and at the same instant a cry arose that the King had fallen. The *mêlée* by all accounts must have been terrific. The royal standard was overthrown by a furious charge of Hotspur's knights and the Earl of Stafford, Constable of England, struck dead beside it. But at this supreme moment King Henry, who was still unharmed, rode up and down through the surging throng of combatants to give the lie to those who had falsely proclaimed his death and by voice and gesture did all that man could do to stem what looked like imminent disaster. For a long time now there was a desperate hand to hand struggle and probably no more shooting of arrows. The panic was overcome and with two against one the result could hardly be doubtful—and all this ferocity too between men who for the most part had no quarrel and no race hatred, nor any long antagonism in the field to foster and stimulate



anger. "Yet it was more to be noted vengeable," says Fabian, "for here the father was slain of the son and the son of the father."

In the meantime Hotspur, on this last evening of his turbulent life, had behaved with his usual headlong valour. With the Scottish lord, Archibald Douglas, and thirty chosen knights he had fought his way again and again through the *mêlée* seeking the King as one account says: another tradition (used by Shakespeare apparently) describes King Henry as having attired several other knights like himself and relates that Hotspur, having slain two or more of them and discovering they were not the man whose life he sought, hurled taunts at the head of the elusive Bolingbroke, as he professed to regard him, for seeking personal safety in such subterfuge. But this may fairly be regarded as malicious or imaginary, for Henry was a fine soldier, as brave as Hotspur himself whose feats of valour, however, on this occasion availed him nought. And as the resistance of his out-matched army waned a cry arose that the fierce Northumbrian whelp himself had fallen and this time the cry was true enough, for he had been struck dead on one of the wings pierced in the brain by an arrow or a spear.

This was the beginning of the end. The stubborn fight which had lasted about three hours and had been confined to the few acres of which Battle church is now the centre, broke at last into a headlong flight on the one side and a ruthless pursuit that gave no quarter on the other. Most of the fugitives fled northwards in the direction of Wem and Whitchurch; others sought refuge in the long wooded ridge of Haughmond which runs parallel with the battle field about two miles to the east of it; while the Welshmen doubtless sought the safety

offered both politically and physically by Glyndwr's influence, and by their own mountains, within easy sight to the westward of this field of slaughter. The sun must have been almost under their summits when the battle broke, and but an hour or so of daylight can have been left to illuminate a pursuit, in which the carnage was as great as in the long fight itself; for though both sides must have had more than enough, the weariness of the feeble force would have been even greater than that of their pursuers. "Men lay down," says Walsingham, "as darkness fell in mixed heaps, weary, beaten and bleeding." There was moreover a bright moon that night, whose sudden eclipse, not then as now foretold in almanacks, struck onlookers and citizens of Shrewsbury with awe and perhaps aided the escape of many fugitives. Of Percy's army, no less than five thousand are said to have been slain, among whom were two hundred gentlemen of Cheshire.

There Dutton Dutton kills; a Done  
doth kill a Done,  
A Booth, a Booth; and Leigh by Leigh  
is overthrown;  
A Venables against a Venables doth  
stand;  
And Troutbeck fighteth with a Trout-  
beck hand to hand;  
There Moleneux doth make a Moleneux  
to die;  
And Egerton the strength of Egerton  
doth try;  
O, Cheshire wert thou mad of thine  
own native gore  
So much until this day thou never  
shedst before.

The Earl of Douglas was taken in the pursuit owing, it is said, to his horse floundering on the wooded slopes of Haughmond ridge. The Earl of Worcester, Sir Richard Venables and Sir Richard Vernon were also taken alive.

On the King's side the numbers of the wounded are put at three thousand

and the slain at sixteen hundred. Among the latter, besides the Earl of Stafford, are many famous names—Stanley, Blount, Massey, Gausel, Mortimer and others. It was the bloodiest battle that had been fought on English soil for generations, probably since the Conquest. If Glyndwr and his twelve thousand war-worn men had arrived on the scene they would have much more than turned the scale. Some historians have related that the Welsh hero actually reached the banks of the Severn while the battle was in progress, but could not cross it for high water, and the still living trunk of a huge and ancient oak tree standing on the Welshpool road at Shelton near the town is the scene of a long treasured Salopian legend which relates that Glyndwr himself watched the battle from its branches. All this is pure fiction, the Welsh leader, as already stated, being fully occupied in the Vale of Towy nearly a hundred miles away throughout the whole of these eventful days. It is generally supposed that messages had been sent by Percy to Glyndwr but that either he had not received them, or that, as some old writers say, he refused to come, mistrusting the wily nature of the old Lord Percy, who should have been with the expedition which he pretended to the King afterwards he had discountenanced. Hardyng the rhyming chronicler and an admirable authority, in that he was Hotspur's personal attendant, says that the latter had met Glyndwr the year before by appointment, and that one of the King's grievances against him was that he had not treacherously seized the Welsh leader on that occasion. Before leaving the subject of Glyndwr it may be worth reminding those not conversant with this delectable part of the Welsh border that his chief manor and dwelling place of Sycharth was only eighteen or twenty

miles from Shrewsbury in the deep valley of the Cynllaeth near Llangedwyn, and that the moat and mound on which the house so celebrated in the poems of Iolo Goch, stood, are still conspicuous.

When the fight was over and the moment of retribution had come, the faithless but talented Earl of Worcester, together with Sir Richard Vernon and Sir Richard Venables, was beheaded at the High Cross in Shrewsbury. The Earl's head was sent to London and suspended over Westminster bridge till nearly Christmas when it was despatched to Shrewsbury to be buried with his corpse in the Abbey church. The heads of Vernon and Venables were hung over the gates of their own capital of Chester. The Rev. W. G. D. Fletcher<sup>1</sup> of S. Michael's, Shrewsbury, who has concerned himself greatly with Salopian matters of this period, historical and antiquarian, and to whom I have on several occasions been much indebted, thinks that a headless corpse found not long ago under St. Mary's Church, Shrewsbury, may have been that of one of these ill-fated Cheshire knights. Many of the persons of note who fell, Mr. Fletcher thinks, were interred in the Augustine Friars and Friar-preachers at Shrewsbury, some of the skeletons at the latter place being disinterred when the site was levelled.

But the most dramatic fate of all was reserved for the remains of the dreaded Hotspur, whom Shakespeare describes as meeting his death at the hands of his rival and equal Prince Hal (who was of course a boy of the generation below him) in the immortal scene, where Falstaff lies in feigned death watching the combat out of the corner of one eye, only to get up and claim the credit of having killed Hotspur himself when the Prince had

<sup>1</sup> BATTLEFIELD CHURCH; by W. G. D. Fletcher.

moved on to other scenes of conflict. Hotspur, as we have seen, was killed by a chance arrow or spear-thrust. His body was taken away and decently buried at Whitechurch, by his kinsman Lord Furnival. But this would not suit Henry at all, nor could the corpse of so daring a rebel be lost as an example to the world. So it was exhumed and brought to Shrewsbury and there in gruesome fashion set upright between two millstones in the market place under a guard of soldiers, to show to all men that the valiant and dangerous Northumbrian was in very truth dead. The body was then beheaded and cut up. The quarters were salted and sent to decorate the walls of London, Bristol, Newcastle and Chester, the honour of exhibiting the head over its gates being reserved appropriately to York, where much of the Percy intrigue both before and afterwards was hatched. Three months later these ghastly trophies were, by the King's order, forwarded to his widow who caused them to be interred in the family tomb in York Minster. The lands and effects of the leading men who fought on Percy's side were freely confiscated and in the list appear, as one might expect, Stanleys, Grosvenors, Leighs, Duttons, Bromleys and Masseys. Their personal pardon was compounded for by a heavy fine, and the town of Chester was mulcted to a like extent for the share it had presumably taken in the rising.

But one of the most interesting things connected with the whole episode is the existence of the church which was erected four years afterwards on the site of the pits where the mass of undistinguished dead upon both sides were buried after the battle. Though its patron was Henry the Fourth, whose battered effigy still looks out from above the east window towards Haughmond ridge, it was

actually built and endowed by the then rector of Albright Hussey, the parish in which the battle was fought. This was Roger Ive, priest of Leaton, a strong Lancastrian, and of an old burgher family in Shrewsbury. The site was given by Richard Hussey, squire, to use a modern word, of Albright Hussey. A college of priests was also erected and endowed to serve the church, which was in no way a parish church, but erected distinctly and emphatically as a commemoration and thanksgiving offering by grateful and pious Lancastrians, for the victory of 1403, and for the saying of masses for the souls of the thousands who had there fallen and whose bones lay piled so thickly beneath and around it; not of course forgetting that of Henry of Bolingbroke and his brave son, nor yet of Roger Ive, the pious founder and first warden, who was buried at his death, forty years after, beneath the high altar, nor of many other local people mentioned by name. Divine service was first held here in March, 1408, when letters patent were issued by the King, founding and establishing the church into a perpetual chantry of eight chaplains.

The history of Battlefield church is after this one of purely local interest—a tale of the letters granted to it, of its various restorations and of how through the decay and falling down of Albright Hussey parish church it gradually took its place. But it remains so far as I know a unique memorial of this particular kind to an epoch-making event, and has an origin and a history unparalleled among English country churches. Perhaps if it stood in the bustle of some city's traffic it would not appeal to one so strongly as it does. But here, alone amid the quiet Shropshire fields, removed even from the country highway and providing

for the worship only of a country parish minute in numbers, the old building stands amid a perennial calm broken only by the murmur of bees and the song of birds, and the contrast between the tempest of arms that gave it birth and the peaceful seclusion in which it has rested ever since is curiously suggestive.

Not very long ago when workmen were engaged on some drainage excavations in connection with the vault

of the Corbet family, who are now the patrons of the living, they found themselves cutting through masses of human bones, grim reminders of the great slaughter of 1403. Inside the building too with singular appropriateness are hung the armorial bearings of the chief families who lost members on that sanguinary July evening just five centuries ago.

A. G. BRADLEY.

#### THE FOUR PACKMEN.

"What's in your Pack, O young and joyous Traveller?"

"Lovely toys and treasures, and beads that gleam and shine"

"Go upon your way—for my toys are lost or broken;

All unstrung and fallen are the beads that once were mine."

"What's in your Pack, O gay and lusty Traveller?"

"Roots that soon will blossom, and seeds with promise filled."

"Go upon your way—for my roses are all faded;

All my tender seedlings by the cruel frost were killed."

"What's in your Pack, O staid and toilworn Traveller?"

"Fruits sweet and sour, nuts and stores of grain."

"Go upon your way,—I am weary of the harvest;

Canker's tooth has gnawed and the labour has been vain."

"What's in your Pack, O lean and weary Traveller?"

"Long white raiment,—very plain and white."

"Ah! I will buy,—I have need of that you carry.

It will serve to hap me in the long and quiet night."

## A VILLAGE FEUD.

EVERYBODY in the village knew old Dindy Bates, and everybody knew Dindy's wise brown pony Kindy, which some wag in the past had named Kind Words because he would "never die." Everybody knew Dindy's huge oak stick, an aid to eloquence when Dindy sat in the cart, an aid to his lame, bent body when he went a-foot, a goad to Kindy always. Everybody knew Dindy's battered hat, Dindy's patched smock frock, and, moreover, his loves, hates, humours, and private affairs, the which he would declaim with vigour from the cart-seat.

And everybody knew Gordon Sleignby, Esq., D.C.L., J.P., and how that he and Dindy Bates, for all the difference in their social positions, were neighbouring landowners; for Dindy's patrimony—pasture, arable and forest in one acre—thrust itself in a little impertinent wedge into Squire Sleignby's park and marred one side of it provokingly. Everybody knew that this dovetailing of the two estates bred frequent friction between the owners over hedge or ditch or overhanging tree or other debatable matter, and that at last much dissension had culminated in the prosecution of Dindy for allowing his pony to stray in Sleignby Park despite previous remonstrance and caution. So when, on the afternoon of the day which saw the case tried at a neighbouring town, it was reported that Dindy was "coming down the street swearing," everybody knew that law and fortune had gone against him.

Five minutes earlier the long village

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street had drowsed deserted. But as the old man, seated squarely in the middle of his cart, proceeded slowly along urging Kindy and discussing his grievance by turns, heads and bodies appeared at every doorway, while a round dozen of village school-boys, on whom no effect of picturesque language was lost, followed admiringly. Dindy and Kindy, by mutual consent, stopped in front of the Six Bells. There also, on the opposite side of the road, halted the brigade of youngsters, with a frank air of awaiting entertainment. Thither also grown-ups casually took their way.

Dindy keeping his seat called, in a voice once likened to a fog-horn with a cold, for a mug of ale. The landlord handed it and the audience gathered closer.

"E's a scamp!" Dindy gulped and breathed hard. As he looked at the landlord one yellow fang showed under his lifted lip. "A scamp! A scamp! A scamp!" He ground his gums in vicious mastication of the word.

"Who's a scamp, Dindy?" asked the landlord innocently.

"That Sleignby! That rascal of a Sleignby!"

"Gently, Dindy. *Squire Sleignby.*"

"*Squire?* Villain! Thief! Cut-throat!" Dindy confirmed his statements with his stick on the bottom of the cart. "Black-flag pirate!"

"Ah, I see you've lost, Dindy. But I'm sure Mr. Sleignby—"

"E's bought 'em over!" raved Dindy. "'E's bribed 'em an' soaped 'em an' gulled 'em! There ain't law

nor justice nor right in England! Them in 'igh places are all thieves an' rogues an' vagabonds! . . . Pay? I'll pay 'im! Gordon Sleignby, *Esquire!*" Dindy spat.

"How much was it, Dindy?"

"Never mind, I paid it, I paid it. Never you mind." Dindy's tone was sharp. "It ain't the fust as Kindy's cost me" He gave Kindy a dig on the haunch and Kindy turned his head toward the inn door enquiringly. "Fetch 'im a pint," ordered Dindy. "In a basin." A little bird told the landlord that the Squire was abroad and might be passing presently. He took his time.

"'E's a black-earted un," resumed Dindy when Kindy had drunk the beer and order was restored. "Ain't 'e Kindy!" Kindy endorsed the remark with a whisk of his tail and a rolling of his near eye toward the empty vessel in the landlord's hand. "A black-earted un! An' a white-livered un! An' a green-blooded un! 'E ain't fit to skeer crows!" Dindy's chin sank to his chest amid cries of "Go it, Dindy!"

"Gordon Sleignby, *Esquire,*" he said slowly, spending his very soul in ironic bitterness. "D.C.L.!" he went on. "D.V.L., I say; 'ow do you spell it—D-i-v . . .?"

"D-e-v-i-l," piped one of the boys, divining. Amid a ripple of laughter Dindy turned to the young preceptor admiringly.

"Eddication—" he began and paused, shaking his head wisely. "Eddication's a great blessin'," he observed impressively. There was more laughter and Dindy struck his stick on the side of the cart.

"Silence!" he roared. He leaned over toward the children, his stick raised for attention. "Now you little dears, don't you forget to write this in your copy-books: 'Gordon Sleignby, *Esquire,* D-e-v-i-l; Devil!'" The ex-

tended stick made short, emphatic strokes in the air at the deliberate dropping of each of the five letters and performed a tremendous flourish over the completed word.

"Devil!" roared Dindy again, settling himself upright on the seat and striking his stick on the front of the cart with all his strength. "Fetch me another," he gasped.

"Ses," he explained to the landlord after refreshment and pointing to the pony, "ses—leastways that agent of 'is ses—'ow 'e's 'ad to turn Kindy out of 'is park a dozen times. A liar!"

"Expect the grass is sweeter there, Dindy; and of course your pony . . ."

"Where'll you find better keep 'n there is on that bit o' mine, if it ain't much bigger 'n your 'at, accordin'?" broke in Dindy indignantly. "Don't Kindy look well on it? I puts 'im there an' I leaves 'im safe an' sober at dark. No; they 'ticed 'im over to make a bother afterwards; 'e'd never go wrong of 'isself."

"He'd never take anything out of his reach," said the landlord confidently. "But I thought he always slept with you?"

"Rats! . . . Ah! if I 'ad that rascal of a Sleignby face to face, man to man, I'd pull 'is neck for 'im till it was as long as an ole sheep's after shearin' time!"

A buzz of interest conquered the merriment caused by Dindy's threat, simile and attitude. The audience looked away down the street. Dindy turned hastily and stared. Squire Sleignby was in sight, riding. Dindy pulled vigorously at his off rein to make Kindy face him. The Squire came cantering up, a spare, well-groomed aristocrat, graceful in the saddle for all his sixty-odd years. Most of the adults had retired but the youngsters remained in a body.



Dindy planted his stick upon his thigh, as the Squire carried his hunting-crop, but more upright, and addressed him. "Muster Sleignby!"

"Well, Bates?"

"You got the best o' me to-day."

"So I hear, Bates. I hope it will be a lesson to you." He spoke and passed on.

"No, no, Squire; I was goin' to tell you summat."

"Well?" Mr. Sleignby checked his horse and turned his head.

"You'll never git that field."

"I don't want it Bates, if that's all you had to say."

"You ole utterer! You've bin tryin' to git it this ten year!"

The Squire swung half round hotly. Reflection and the swift consciousness of delighted faces restrained him. But the angry colour stayed in his face as he said contemptuously, "Drunk again, Bates!"

"That's another! 'E's offered me money for the field time an' agin!" shouted Dindy for all the parish to hear. "E's tried all manner o' ways an' I never would sell; an I wunt; 'e never shall touch a square inch of it unless it's to bury 'im in as I 'ope wunt be long! Call 'im a gentleman? Ooo"—he breathed hard as he spoke—"e's a bad man!"

The Squire, further off by now, stopped again and shook his hunting-crop. "You insulting scoundrel, I've a great mind to thrash you!" he exclaimed.

"Scoundrel! Scoundrel!" echoed the excited Dindy. "Thresh me! You touch me, you venomed varmint, you crow at me! Lemme git at yer; I'll larn yer!"

Dindy threw his stick to the ground and clutched the cart side to help his descent. "Whoa Kindy!" Kindy, inclined for home, yawed diagonally across the street. "Whoa, then!" Dindy attained the step.

"Lemme see yer; I'll 'andle yer, I'll limb yer!"

Mr. Sleignby was cantering off when Dindy reached earth. Dindy flung his hat that way and limped after, a squat, bent figure, his grey, tousled hair fallen to his eyes. He stopped in the exact middle of the street, he struck three attitudes at the receding Squire, and he was great in each. First he bobbed a couple of bows—expansive bobs of invitation, with his hands wide apart and open palms, and his head, arms and body moving as one from the hip. Next he put up his clenched fists and squared himself, slightly swaying his head from side to side as a boxer does. Finally he posed with averted face and extended hand going up and down in little waves of dismissal towards the distant enemy. This last attitude he struck twice, facing each side of the street in turn for a few seconds. As he returned to the cart the boys clapped their hands.

"Next time I meet 'im I'll pull 'im off 'is 'oss an' put 'im under the seat," he assured his hearers. "I'll go for 'im an' un'oss 'im," he announced, settling himself squarely. "I'll engage 'im, I'll storm 'im, I'll capture 'im; I'll bind 'im to my charrut wheels!" The cart moved; Kindy had decided for home. "Ter my charrut wheels!" declared Dindy, brandishing his stick high above his head.

When the Squire was at home he and Dindy met nearly every day. On the following afternoon Kindy went his own pace down a lonely by-lane a mile from the village. In the cart Dindy was brooding after the stress of yesterday when the thud of hoofs at his tail-board made him look up. His face became sullen;

the horseman overtaking him was Squire Sleignby.

"Well, Bates." Mr. Sleignby reined in purposefully.

Dindy's jaw set harder. "Agin," he ground out. "Then I've 'appened on yer agin."

"I hope you are sober to-day, Bates."

"What's that to you?"

"Because I have something I wish to tell you."

"Git on, Kindy; git on!" Dindy looked straight before him.

"Listen to me. If ever you forget yourself again, drunk or so' er, so far as to insult me as you did yesterday, either in the public street or anywhere else, I shall certainly prosecute you at once."

Dindy laughed a harsh, grating laugh. "Kindy," he grunted chuckling as one calling attention to a jest afoot. The Squire's colour rose. "You understand me, Bates. I shall go to the extreme of the law in the matter and I shall use every advantage my position gives me. I shall spare no expense and no effort."

"Kindy! Kindy!" The old man banged his stick on the side of the cart and Mr. Sleignby restrained his young horse with difficulty.

"It will mean ruin or imprisonment to you, for I shall show no mercy. So let this suffice and remember. Never let it occur again. I warn you!" His voice rose. "You understand?"

"Whoa!" Kindy stopped instantly. "Which way be you a-goin Muster Sleignby?"

"I am going straight on," answered the Squire, less to Dindy's question than his manner.

"Then I'm goin' back. An' never you speak to me or 'dress me agin. I never want to 'ear your voice agin. I never want to see your face agin. I never want to breathe your name

agin. When I'm obliged to go past you or your park or your carriage I shall turn my 'ead t'other way an' shut my eyes. I never want to be'old you nor your 'ouse nor your men nor your maids nor nothin' as belongs to yer. As fur as I'm concerned you're dead an' buried an' forgot. An' if ever I mount to another world all I ask is that *you* wunt be *there*!" Kindy was reversed by this time and Dindy had to look back for the last word. "Now *you* understand *me*, Gordon Sleignby."

Mr. Sleignby cantered off, outwardly amused. The old fellow would not offend again. And that awkward plot of his must fall into the market a few years hence at most; Bates was past seventy. Then when it became part of Sleignby Park that foul bank should be levelled, the brook widened, the park fence and the belt of trees should join, and—and—and—. The Squire rode on, absorbed.

As Dindy rounded the corner into the high road a sudden impulse made him look back down the lane. Dark and sharply cut against the west Mr. Sleignby's figure rose and fell rhythmically to the free action of his horse. Something about the distant silhouette made Dindy reflect that his enemy grew older; the head seemed lower than of yore, the elbows wider, the whole seat less graceful, less masterful. Dindy looked long. Then suddenly he saw the Squire's horse shy right across the lane, almost clearing the space from hedge to hedge in one mighty jump like the vault of a huge greyhound. For one supreme instant Dindy's vision was filled by the rider's bunched body in the air above the horse's head, then as he stood up with his legs trembling there came to his ears a dull thud that made him catch his breath. Far off over the field flew the pheasant

that had got up and caused the mischief. In fancy Dindy heard the whirring of its wings. The riderless steed tore madly down the lane, its head out like a racehorse.

Dindy roused himself. He pulled Kindy round and back into the lane and drove like one possessed. He thrashed, he banged, he shouted until the angry pony made the old cart rock and bump and rattle over the rutty road. But Dindy never drew rein until he reached the spot where Mr. Sleighby had been thrown.

The Squire lay face downward and motionless on the grass-grown roadway. One extended hand grasped his hunting crop, the other arm was doubled underneath him. The wind had dropped; in the hush of late afternoon Dindy felt awe upon him like a burden. He found his voice at last: "Squire." It was but a tense whisper. Then, less afraid he said again, and louder, "Squire, Squire!"

Still there was no answer.

Dindy descended slowly. He took off his hat. Hesitatingly, tenderly he turned the prostrate man face upwards. He was senseless, ashen; blood and foam oozed from his mouth. But he was not dead; a crushing weight rose off Dindy. Not dead, no! Dindy's blood ran in something like triumph. His enemy lay to his hand, helpless yet alive. And he must not, would not, should not die!

Gradually a great resolve seized Dindy, swayed him, conquered him. He looked up the lane, down the lane, over the fields. Not a soul was in sight. He stooped and raised the Squire by the shoulders tentatively. No, he could never lift him into the cart unaided. Dindy knitted his brows and muttered. He walked a few yards away and returned carrying a field-gate which he had lifted off its hooks. The gate was heavy but

Dindy strung his muscles and bore it strongly. Kindy was summarily brought up from grazing and the cart backed into position within some few yards from where the Squire lay. Next the wheels were blocked, the tail-board was taken out and the field-gate laid in sloping fashion with one end of it on the pommels of the cart and the other end resting on the ground. Then Dindy wiped his face, for the sinking sun shone past the trees.

The old man took off his smock and spread it out upon the gate. "Now Squire, your 'ead an' shoulders fust, askin' your pardon for 'andlin' yer; but my ole shay if it ain't much to look at 'ull be better'n the rough sod. There's no bones broke so fur, I think, an' I'll 'itch you up a little at a time an' gentler'n if you was my own kin. There—you're straight on the gate anyway. One time I could 'a' lifted 'im in clean," said Dindy apologetically as he stopped for breath. He grunted and gasped as his task increased.

"On to the upright—so—that's 'arf-way. Now for the wust job. Git yer middle past the pommel we're safe. I wunt mark yer . . . you sha'n't 'ave another scratch for you've bin . . . 'ard played with . . . this day. Thank God it . . . don't lay . . . ter me!"

Dindy panted hard, his toothless mouth gaping, his rheumy eyes starting, his old sinews cracking. At length he got the shoulders in the cart and he sank upon the gate himself, holding his breast with both hands, catching fearfully for his breath. He had been a fool; sudden exertion killed people at his age! But by-and-by his laboured breath came with less of the sharp stabbing, and the ache of his loins abated so that he could straighten himself.

He would never give in now! He strained anew and at last the inanimate Squire rested wholly upon the straw in the cart with his head pillowed on an old rug against the front and his feet out upon the lowered tail-board, and with Dindy's smock across him as coverlet. Then Dindy, limp, colourless, shrunken of cheek, triumphed in a broken wheeze to Kindy. "We've got 'im there, Kindy; 'e's our'n. Steady, boy, steady; you've got Sleignby 'Ouse an' Sleignby Park be'ind yer so go careful. Keep the wheels out o' the ruts; we wunt 'urt 'im for all the gold 'e's wuth. After to-day we'll be 'is enemy agin maybe, after to-day. Now we've got the very 'airs of 'is 'ead all numbered."

And so that evening Dindy and Kindy journeyed slowly down the sunset-flooded village street with the feet of a man visible among the straw at the tail of the cart. At every few yards Dindy proclaimed in a strange, cracked treble: "We're a bringin' on 'im. Gently Kindy!"

Dindy sat on the front of the cart in his shirt-sleeves with his feet upon the shaft. "A bringin' on 'im! A bringin' on 'im!"

Soon a crowd collected. In the greater width at the street's end the villagers checked Dindy's progress.

"Stan' out o' the road! We're a takin' on 'im!" The voice might have been that of a child, but quavering, and less round. "A takin' on 'im I tell yer! Gent-ly!"

Dindy looked round at the encircling neighbours. They saw that his face had become thinner and white, as if he had been ill. The knowledge of his burden ran and one held the pony's bridle. But they lifted Dindy down first. He still babbled, his face working. "Gently wi' the Squire; gently with 'im. We ain't let a 'air of 'is 'ead fall—me an' Kindy."

They half carried him away. Like to one dreaming his speech was. "Not a 'air of 'is 'ead. Me and Kindy. Kin-dy!"

Weeks elapsed before Mr. Sleignby got out again. And almost the first time he drove through the village in an open carriage Kindy and his master met him near the Six Bells. The Squire hailed Dindy: "Ha, ha! Bates! How-de-do? How-de-do?"

Landau and pony-cart foregathered in view of all the street and Dindy was great. As he spoke he took off his hat. "Muster Sleignby, I salutes yer."

## ALDWYCH IN LONDON.

THE new street, Holborn to the Strand, will go through one of the most interesting districts of London. The earliest history of this district leads to the elucidation of an important phase in the history of London itself and one which has not been investigated by any London historian. The key-note is contained in the significant name of the church and parish of St. Clement Danes, which has kept alive the tradition that this district was in some way or another connected with the Danish conquerors of our island in the tenth and eleventh centuries. The tradition is perfectly accurate, but, like most traditions which are allowed to live on unchecked by the records of history, it has become vague and wild. The unravelling of the story can only be done by piecing together scraps gathered from many sources, but the results thus obtained, even if of the character of a mosaic, cannot fail to be considered as a bit of rescued history of great importance to London. It is no less than the relationship of the Danes to the great city, typical to some extent of the effect of the Danish conquest upon England, and, if I mistake not, it connects the great name of King Alfred in a special manner with this particular spot in London, a connection upon which all Londoners, all Englishmen, may well be glad to dwell. When the Danes overran this country they formed settlements in many districts, and that one of these settlements should have been just outside the walls of London is not only of great significance by

itself, but it has, I think, the added significance of being a settlement accorded by the peace which King Alfred secured for his people.

The first important facts which bear upon the subject are the entries in three of the chronicles of the burial of the Danish King, Harold Harefoot, in the year 1040. The entry in the chronicle of William of Malmesbury is as follows, after describing the disinterring of the body by Hardicanute: *id a quodam piscatore exceptum sagena, in cimiterio Danorum Londonie tumulatur*. Florence of Worcester says: *et ad Danos allatum sub festinatione, in cœmeterio quod habuerunt Londonie sepultum est ab ipsis cum honore*, while Ralph de Diceto says more specifically: *brevi autem post a quodam piscatore ad Danos allatum est, et in cimiterio quod habuerunt Lundonie sepultum est apud Sanctum Clementem*.

The question is—what do these entries exactly mean? Have they any significance beyond the fact which they record? We must go a little further into the history of the Danish conquest for our answer, and the first point to note is that the object of the Danes was to settle after conquest. It was not mere piracy and plunder. This is clearly shown by a passage in Roger of Wendover, *sub anno* 896, as follows:

Landing at the mouth of the river (Luie) not far from the city of London they drew their ships on shore and took to plunder and rapine, on hearing of which the citizens of London taking to their aid the people of the neighbouring parts (*comprovincialibus populis*) came

to the aforesaid place where they found that the enemy had now formed a settlement.

The text of the Rolls edition calls this river Luie, a reading not always given, but one which undoubtedly suggests the modern Lea, while the whole passage indicates clearly enough the object of the assault upon London. A boat of this period and of the type known to have belonged to the Danes was recently discovered by the East London Water Company in their works on the Lea and thus represents the last relic perhaps of the struggle of London against the Danish conqueror.

But apart from these points it may perhaps be conceded, at all events for the moment, that there is enough chronicle evidence to accept St. Clement Danes as the well-known burial place of the Danish King, and the next point is to enquire whether anything more than a cemetery was situated there. The entries in their very baldness help us materially, for they allude to the burial place as belonging to the countrymen of the King, a fit and proper place for his interment and one which his countrymen desired as a right rather than one which Londoners had determined upon in order to get rid of the dead King's body. This would mean that the Danes were sufficiently distinct from Londoners not only to have views of their own but to give expression to them, and that therefore they were living in this district beyond the walls of London in such political form as to give a corporate character to their life. If this view is confirmed by other facts any difficulty at this initial stage is swept away, and it therefore becomes necessary to examine into Danish settlements to see whether there is such confirmation. Dr. Worsaae, the distinguished

Danish antiquary, held this view as the following quotation from his work on *THE DANES AND NORWEGIANS IN ENGLAND* will prove :

It has been supposed that this church was called after the Danes because so many Danes have been buried in it ; but as it is situated close by the Thames, and must originally have lain outside the city walls, in the western suburbs, it is certainly put beyond all doubt that the Danish merchants and mariners who were established in or near London had here a place of their own in which they dwelt together as fellow countrymen. Here it should also be remarked that this church like others in commercial towns, as for instance at Aarhus in Jutland, at Trondhjem in Norway, was consecrated to St. Clement, who was especially the seaman's patron saint.

Now the Danes living outside the walls of London, in a district specially theirs, would live in Danish fashion, would follow Danish customs, would conform to Danish laws and institutions. Can we then ascertain what these might be ? Fortunately to answer this question we can turn to two distinct parallels, two actually historical settlements of the Danes in or near large walled towns in Saxon times. One of these cases is Rochester in Kent, the other is Dublin, and I will refer to the essential features of these two cases to see if they are repeated in the London settlement at St. Clement Danes.

I have discussed the Rochester case at some length in my little study of *THE VILLAGE COMMUNITY* (pp. 247-252). Outside the defences of the castle but upon the great mound, on the northern part of which the castle is built, is a district called the Boley Hill. This district is not only topographically distinct from the castle and town of Rochester but it was also constitutionally distinct. It had a separate jurisdiction of its own absolutely independent of the mayor and corporation. The first historical



notice of it is contained in a charter of Henry the Sixth, and Edward the Fourth also granted a charter for the holding there of a court leet. But these charters only give legal sanction to much more ancient custom. The inhabitants of the district met in legal assembly under a tree in the centre of their district, and this assembly determined all the rights and privileges of the inhabitants in a manner so exclusive of the jurisdiction of the mayor and corporation of the town that royal proclamations and other announcements of the kind were always separately read at the assembly tree after they had been promulgated at the Guildhall. The whole history of this little community as I have traced it out is highly interesting and curious, and there can be no doubt that it represents a settlement by the Danes following one of their successful attacks upon Rochester.

But it may be argued that I have had to piece together the history of the Boley Hill community at Rochester just as I am endeavouring to piece together the history of the St. Clement's community at London, and that therefore the parallel between the two cases is not a parallel of actual recorded fact on the one side and a suggested restoration of lost facts on the other side, but only a parallel between two separate sets of suggested restoration. This argument would have some force, but even so I think the fact that there exists, as I shall presently prove, a close parallel in two perfectly distinct cities is important enough for either case to act as a support to the other. But I can go a step further than this, for in the Dublin case there is far better record evidence of the method which the Danes adopted when they successfully made good their demands for a settlement in or near a great town or city.

The Scandinavian antiquities of Dublin have fortunately had a special historian, Mr. Charles Haliday, and from his extensive and minute researches<sup>1</sup> based on documentary evidence of unquestionable authority, I summarise the principal facts for my present purpose. The oldest Norman records frequently refer to an extra-mural district east of Dublin denominated the *Stein* or *Staine*, a flat piece of ground extending southwards from the strand of the Liffey to the lands of the Rath and eastward from near the city walls to the river Dodder. The point of land here referred to may be described as an elevated ridge near the confluence of the Liffey and the Dodder, forming what the Scandinavians termed a *Næs* or neck of land between two streams, and was the place where the Dublin northmen usually landed. I am not disposed to lay over much stress upon parallel topographical details, but it is certainly of remarkable significance that this extra-mural territory of Dublin should be so closely in keeping with the extra-mural territory of London associated with the Danes. As in Dublin so in London, the territory proceeded from the strand of the great river to near the city walls by the banks of the lesser river, thus forming a neck of land between two streams. In London these rivers were the Thames and the Fleet respectively. The extent of the territory in London I shall discuss more fully presently, but its general position is indicated from its Dublin parallel in a remarkably accurate manner.

The place known as the Stein in Dublin was called after a great monolith which formerly stood not far from the landing-place. It does not

<sup>1</sup> C. Haliday's *SCANDINAVIAN KINGDOM OF DUBLIN* (1892).

appear that the stone was inscribed but it stood about twelve or fourteen feet above ground and it so remained until the surrounding lands were laid out in streets and houses. Down to the seventeenth century it was a well known landmark, and leases of the lands near seem to locate the property dealt with by reference to "the Long stone of the Stein."<sup>1</sup> This spot was called by the native Irish "the Green of Ath Cliath," and the successful Irish chieftain, Brian, after he had driven the Danes from Dublin, held a great council there.<sup>2</sup> Further than this, on a part of the territory of the Stein there existed until the year 1685 a great mound known as the *Thing motha*, that is the council hill for the administration of the affairs of the Danish tribesmen, and not far off the *Hangr Hoeg* or gallows hill for the execution of criminals. All that has been collected about this site goes to show that it was the great assembly place of the Dublin Danes, and that many of the primitive Danish customs practised at such places were continued long after the Danish rule had ceased, for we find that the Bowling Green, the archery butts, the place for games, miracle plays and pageants, were at this mound, and that upon it in after years the Mayor of Dublin sat with his jurors under a tent presiding over the armed muster of the citizens.<sup>3</sup>

Let me here summarise the results we have obtained from these examples. First we have it that the territory marked off for the occupation of the Danish community was kept distinct and independent of the surrounding territory; secondly that this territory was not merely occupied by a group of individuals but was held by a social

unit possessed of the power of self government; thirdly that the system of government was upon the ancient Danish lines having for its chief symbol the stone or mound or tree sacred as the place of assembly; and lastly that this open air place of assembly was also the place of festivals and ceremonies of a sacred or tribal character just as we know it to have been in the earliest days of Danish history. These four results are of great significance. They are associated items of the well ascertained social system of the early Danish tribesmen. They appear in France, in Scotland, everywhere where the Danish people extended their conquest in the ninth and tenth centuries, when they were at the zenith of their power as a conquering and settling race. They are indicative, in a way which perhaps no other evidence could be, of the presence of Danish settlers, and coming as they do from settlements in our own country they may clearly be used for the purpose of ascertaining whether any similar evidence is forthcoming from a district such as St. Clement Danes, London, which has not kept its historical records complete enough to be able to do without the assistance afforded by parallel events elsewhere.

With this evidence before us we may turn to the facts which are recorded of the doings of the Danes at London, for these will satisfy the initial difficulty by showing that the Danes at London remained outside the walls because as conquerors they did not obtain rights inside. After the peace of Wedmore which gave Essex to the Danes, the fleet of the Danes in 885 steered up the Thames and beset Rochester, which held out until it was relieved by Alfred, and at the close of this part of the great struggle London is definitely stated to have been in Alfred's hands. This is

<sup>1</sup> *Op. cit.*, 152, where examples are quoted.

<sup>2</sup> *WARS OF THE GAEDHIL WITH THE GAEL*, pp. clxxii. 155. This work describes the holding of Dublin by the Danes.

<sup>3</sup> Haliday, *op. cit.*, 169.

the main point to start with, for all before that is uncertain. It had been plundered in 851 and in 880 the Danes were as near as Fulham, where they wintered, but these facts do not, as it appears to me, warrant Mr. Green's assumption that London was all this time, under the terms of the peace of Wedmore, in the hands of the Danes. I think on the contrary that the fact that the year 886 sees London in Alfred's hands, without mention of his having won it back from the Danish chief, argues that it had never been actually taken by the Danes. There is much argument for this position which cannot be stated here, but it rests upon a set of facts regarding the constitutional history of London which has never been taken into account by historians, particularly by those of the school of Freeman and Stubbs. If, however, London was not actually in possession it was often attacked, generally surrounded and virtually hemmed in by the Danes. This would be sufficient to account for the grant of a place of settlement outside its walls, and I think the peace of Alfred and Guthrum in 878 allowed this concession to the isolated Danish settlers although it shifted back the formal boundary of the Danish country to the river Lea, far east of London.

If the general history of the events recorded of these times points to the fact of a settlement just outside London it would be confirmed if local history gave us any of the internal details of such a settlement. It was a tribal community which settled, not a mere herd of people brought together by the tide of conquest. The territory which was allotted to this community was singularly fitted to Danish requirements, as we have already seen by its remarkable parallel to the Danish territory in Dublin, and it has left its landmarks on

the map of London for many centuries.

We may turn for information first to the boundaries of Westminster, for if these boundaries did not reach to the City, the intervening territory will form a valuable part of the present enquiry. The first description of these boundaries is in a charter of King Edgar dated 951, and is thus described (translated from the Anglo-Saxon by Mr. G. Saunders in *ARCHÆOLOGIA*, vol. xxvi.):

First up from Thames along Merfleet to Pollen-Stock, so to Bulinga Fen, afterwards from the Fen along the old ditch, to Cowford. From Cowford up, along Tyburne to the broad military road: following the military road to the old stock of St. Andrews Church: then within London Fen, proceeding south on Thames to mid-stream, and along stream, by land and strand, to Merfleet.

There is not much to distinguish the eastern boundary in this description, but "within London Fen" means within on the Westminster side. This is confirmed by a subsequent description of the boundary of Westminster which appears in a decree of 1222 for terminating a dispute between the Abbey and the See of London respecting the ecclesiastical franchise of the conventual church of St. Peter.

This decree entirely excludes from the Westminster franchise towards the east all the precinct of the Savoy, and the entire parishes of St. Mary-le-Strand and St. Clement Danes, with portions of the parishes of St. Andrew and St. Giles. We thus have a piece of ground, which was uncovered in Aggas's plan of London in Elizabeth's reign, and which at a later period included Drury Lane, at the end of White Hart Yard, and extended to Somerset House and the river front. The growth of buildings here during the Stuart and early Georgian periods

has obscured its early history, but the old boundaries of Westminster and of the city tell their story well and enable us to look upon this territory as belonging to a special period and a special series of events. This territory, through which the new street runs directly, did not belong either to Westminster or to the City. We must go further back for its origin than to parishes and precincts, and then we come upon a place named Aldwych. Colonel Prideaux, a well known London antiquary, thus describes it :

South of Great Queen Street is a district which was co-extensive with the area of what was perhaps the oldest suburb of London, the village of Ealdwic or Aldwic, known later as Aldewych and of which so late as the days of the Stuarts some vestiges remained in Oldwiche Close, an open space which lay to the south of Lincoln's Inn Fields. This village in the tenth century was largely colonised by the Danes after whom the neighbouring church of St. Clement was named. The high road of the village which connected it with the hospital of St. Giles, was known as the *via de Aldewych* and is represented by the modern Drury Lane with the exception of the south eastern extremity which led to the holy well of St. Clement and the name of which still survives in Wych Street. (NOTES AND QUERIES, 9th ser., ii. 81).

This is the territory which I think was Danish territory in the tenth century and which was sufficiently separate from the City and from Westminster to have been included in neither of these places up to the time of the reign of Edward the First.

So much for the territorial portion of the history; we can now turn to the constitutional history, for in this, I think, we have many important clues not hitherto properly brought into the history of London. If in connection with a territory which kept its distinctiveness down to his-

torical times we can discover customs which can only be explained by reference to Danish customs in other places, as for instance Dublin and Rochester already referred to, the argument becomes all the stronger that this must have been the place of settlement of the Danish conquerors of the country round London.

Perhaps the most significant relic of a Danish settlement is the stone monolith at which the chief of the tribe was installed and the assembly of the tribe met to discuss and settle the affairs of the community. This is to be identified with a stone cross, as it was called in later days, which stood opposite the Bishop of Worcester's house, now Somerset House, in the Strand, and the means of identification are most interesting. In the first place it was the spot where the dues were paid. This appears from a manorial custom first recorded, according to Hazlitt's *TENURES OF LAND*, in the reign of Edward the First, when it appears that the dues for a piece of land in the parish of St. Clement Danes were six horse-shoes paid annually "at the Stone Cross" (*ad crucem lapideam*). This land passed into the possession of the Corporation of London who annually now render six horse-shoes for it at the Court of Exchequer.<sup>1</sup> The important point here is that the manor dues were rendered at the stone cross—the dues of the community, that is, rendered at the place of assembly of the community. That this is a correct interpretation of the manor custom is to be gathered from further customs connected with this stone cross so called. Thus in the reign of Edward the First "the justices itinerant set at the stone cross" in the open air.<sup>2</sup> The custom is alluded to by several authorities

<sup>1</sup> Hazlitt's *TENURES*, p. 203.

<sup>2</sup> Ritson's *COURT LEETS*, p. ix.

and there can be no doubt that it occurred.<sup>1</sup> An open air court of this kind is obviously of archaic significance. The justices came to it as to a place independent of the City or of Middlesex and they came in conformity no doubt to ancient custom, not to thirteenth century requirements. That custom takes us back to the Danish settlement where the heads of the tribe met, in London as they did at Dublin and at Rochester, at a monolith or other significant landmark and as, according to all ancient authorities, was the practice in Danesland and throughout Scandinavia. It was the meeting-place of the assembly of the Danish community, the place where they administered their affairs and their laws. And in later days, before the district had lost its ancient idiosyncrasy of independence of both London and of Westminster, it was administered by the King's justices, but in the archaic Danish fashion and on the ancient Danish spot.

There is the additional significance of the Maypole of the Strand so well known as connected with this spot. The Maypole with its accompanying ceremonial is a very ancient relic of

the past and it is essentially connected with a settled community. Nowhere in England was it otherwise than a public institution, a part of the corporate life of the people. On the continent of Europe it is something more than this—it is connected with the special feature of early life, namely the tribal community and above all the tribal community of the northmen. That it should have survived so strongly in this particular spot in London justifies the assumption that it comes down from the same tribal community of the Danes who settled outside London walls and gave the name of Aldwych to this district.

All these facts when placed together and treated as a whole, when considered as the parallel facts of London and Rochester and London and Dublin, tell a connected story. When treated separately they do not tell much story at all and leave unaccounted for this remarkable piece of territory between London and Westminster, the archaic and significant customs obtaining there, and all the history which must have flowed from the undoubted Danish occupation of the district. It is therefore justifiable to rely upon the connecting links as necessary parts of the story, and to read that story as one of the early chapters of the history of extra-mural London—that remarkable history which is not yet finished.

LAURENCE GOMME.

<sup>1</sup> CHRONICLES OF THE MAYORS AND SHERIFFS OF LONDON, 237, 243; Penant's LONDON, 159; Stow's LONDON (edit. Thoms), 165.



MR. GEORGE MOORE AND IRELAND'S VOCATION.<sup>1</sup>

"THE Irish would have been free long ago only for their damned souls." So said John Mitchell many years ago, and this is really the keynote of Mr. George Moore's *UNTILLED FIELD*. If for "free" we read "fit to take their place as constituents of the British Empire," and if, to placate the Non-conformist conscience, we leave out the epithet attached to souls, no better phrase could be devised to describe the real Irish difficulty of the present age and Mr. Moore's attitude with respect to it. Is Ireland destined to lie for ever paralysed under the hypnotism of the Roman Catholic Church? Mr. Moore says, no. He predicts that in twenty-five years Ireland will be a Protestant country. The Catholics are emigrating at the rate of fifty thousand a year, and, according to his reading of the problem, they are emigrating because the priest not only takes vast toll of their too scanty earnings, but because he has crushed all the joy out of their existence. The instinct of the Gael is now to disappear, and America is his chosen refuge from priestly tyranny. In the fifth and sixth centuries all the intelligence of Ireland had gone into religion. Since Cormac's chapel she has built nothing but mud cabins. Since the Cross of Cong she has imported Virgins from Germany. Ireland is immersed in the religious vocation, and there can be no renaissance without a religious revolt. To the priest everything is impure. Young men and young women must not meet lest fleshly desires should be

engendered. Marriage arranged by the parents and sanctified by the consent of the priest may be encouraged, but it must be divorced from sentiment, which is carnal. In *HOME SICKNESS* Mr. Moore gives some scenes which are very illustrative of peasant life in the Ireland of to-day. Bryden, an emigrant from Ireland, had been thirteen years in America. He had been doing well as a bar-keeper in the Bowery of New York. But he fell into poor health, and having plenty of money he determined to see how the people at home were getting on. At first he was soothed by the stillness and quietude of rural Ireland, but after a while its emptiness became almost intolerable:—

It was comfortable to sit by the mild peat fire watching the smoke of the pipes drifting up the chimney, and all Bryden wanted was to be let alone; he did not want to hear of anyone's misfortunes. But about nine o'clock a number of villagers came in, and their appearance was depressing. Bryden remembered one or two of them—he used to know them very well when he was a boy. Their talk was as depressing as their appearance, and he could feel no interest in them. He was not moved when he heard that Higgins the stonemason was dead; he was not affected when he learned that Mary Kelly, who used to do the laundry at the Big House, had married; he was only interested when he heard she had gone to America. No, he had not met them, America is a big place. Then one of the peasants asked him if he remembered Patsy Carabine, that used to do the gardening at the Big House. Yes, he remembered Patsy well. Patsy was in the poor-house. All this was very sad, and to avoid hearing any further unpleasantness, Bryden began to tell them about America. And

<sup>1</sup> *THE UNTILLED FIELD*, by George Moore. Lippincott.



they sat round listening to him, but all the talking was on his side, and he wearied of it. The peasants were all agreed that they would make nothing out of their farms. Their regret was that they had not gone to America when they were young.

The depression of the Sleepy Hollow in which he finds himself would have soon driven Bryden back to America; but he falls in love with Margaret Dirken:—

They had not met very often when she said, "James, you had not better come here so often calling to me."

"Don't you wish me to come?"

"Yes, I wish you to come well enough; but keeping company is not the custom of the country, and I don't want to be talked about."

"Are you afraid the priest would speak against us from the altar?"

"He has spoken against keeping company."

"But if we are going to be married there is no harm in walking out together."

"Well, not so much, but marriages are made different in these parts: there is not much courting here."

Bryden chafes at the tyranny of the priest, who will not allow dancing, and will not have boys and girls loitering about and talking of love. Love is hateful; marriage is a necessity; but there must be no love-making. Bryden leaves Margaret Dirken and goes back to the Bowery bar-room.

JULIA CAHILL'S CURSE is a powerful story on the same theme: the priest is sending away Life, the emigrants are following Life, it is Life they are seeking. Even the well-to-do want to go away. The people are weary of the country. They want to lose themselves. It is a sort of national euthanasia—a wish to forget themselves.

The teaching of the whole book is that the Catholics are leaving Ireland at the rate of fifty thousand a year,

because there is no joy in Ireland. But many battles have to be fought before the decisive struggle for free-will begins. Mr. Moore declares that in twenty-five years Ireland will be a Protestant country, but he seems to forget that, if the priests are banishing the proletariat, legislation is driving moneyed and educated classes (which are mainly Protestant) into exile.

The most definite and practical suggestion of the book is that the decree imposing celibacy on the priesthood should be revoked. Celibacy was made obligatory, he urges, on the priesthood only in the twelfth century, and why should not the obligation now be removed? The Greek priests are allowed to marry. The priest is often the only man in an Irish parish who could afford to bring up a family in some comfort and to educate them. If each priest were to take a wife, about ten thousand children would be born within the year; forty thousand children would be added to the Catholic population in ten years; and thus Ireland would be saved from becoming a Protestant country. This is the theme of *A LETTER TO ROME*. The teaching of *THE WILD GOOSE*, the most charming of the thirteen sketches of which the volume consists, may be summed up in a few striking sentences: Every race has its own special genius. The Germans have, or have had, music. The French and Italians have, or have had, painting and sculpture. The English have, or have had, poetry. The Irish had, and alas! they still have, for their special genius the religious vocation. This is his ultimatum:

"You won't believe," said Harding, "in the possibility of a Celtic renaissance with the revival of the language?"

"I do not believe in Catholics. The Catholic kneels like the camel, that burdens may be laid upon him. You know

as well as I do, Harding, that the art and literature of the 15th and 16th centuries were due to a sudden dispersal, a sudden shedding, of the prejudices and conventions of the middle ages. The renaissance was a joyous returning to Hellenism, the source of all beauty. There is as little free love in Ireland as there is free thought; men have ceased to care for women, and women to care for men. Nothing thrives in Ireland but the celibate, the priest, the nun and the ox. There is no unfaith and the violence of the priest is against any sensual transgression. A girl marries at once or becomes a nun—a free girl is in danger. There is no courtship, there is no walking out, and the passion which is the direct inspiration of all the world's music and art is reduced to the mere act of begetting children."

"Love books his passage in the emigrant's ship," said Rodney. "You speak truly. There are no bastards in Ireland, and the bastard is the outward sign of inward grace."

"That which tends to weaken life is the only evil, that which strengthens life the only good, and the result of this Puritanical Catholicism will be an empty Ireland."

"Ireland has always struck me," said Rodney, "as a place that God had intended to do something with; but He changed His mind, and that change of mind happened about a thousand years ago. Since then the Gael has been wasting."

Much of all this has been said before, and a good deal of it quite recently; but information, valuable in itself, has been conveyed in a style so vulgar and illiterate that it has been difficult to consider it with patience; and there has been so much exaggeration that true statements have lost much of their power to convince. It is quite true that the Irish peasant's lot is rendered joyless through a morbid dread of licentiousness. The Catholic Bishops have protested against THE GOLDEN TREASURY as a subject for examination, and the Commissioners of Intermediate Education have felt bound to appoint an alternative course for Roman Catholic

candidates. It is said that one of the condemned passages was that which was glorified by Ruskin as a supremely chaste homage to budding womanhood:

And vital feelings of delight  
Shall rear her form to stately height,  
Her virgin bosom swell.

Virgin bosom! How shocking! How repulsive to the modesty of the Catholic youth! The motto of the Bishops would appear to be *Pueris omnia impura*. There must be no dalliance, no *oaristys*; if Amaryllis is found sporting in the shade, she must be driven home to her squalid cabin; and Neera had better not let the tangles of her hair be too much in evidence at Mass on Sunday.

It is true also that the scanty earnings of the peasants are wrung from them by the priest, so that they may erect vast cathedrals which never contain more than a handful of worshippers, but which in their ugly hugeness and tawdry ornaments mock the meanness and squalor of the hovels which are the only other buildings for miles and miles around on every side. Mr. Moore's sketches are put forward only as works of imagination, but they depict nevertheless a state of things really existent; and they have an added interest as being the work of a Catholic.

A gillie not long ago told an agent, a friend of the present writer, that he had to pay the Church £2 10s. every year. Being asked what were his wages, he replied, "£5 besides what I make by odd jobs." "Do you know," said the agent, "that a Protestant with such wages would not give the Church half a crown a year? Why don't you refuse to pay?"

"Sure, sir, the priest would not let

me near him if I didn't pay, and what would I do without confession and absolution?"

Nor are the ignorance and superstition of the peasantry exaggerated. It would not be easy to exaggerate them. The writer has this tale from a quite trustworthy source. A peasant having plucked up courage to refuse an exaction, in leaving said, "Sure, yer Rav'rence won't do anything on me for refusin'?"

"No, my man, I'll just leave you *in statu quo*," replied the priest, feeling sure that he would think better of his refusal. In less than a month the poor fellow came back with the sum demanded and begged the priest to take him out of "statchaco" for he had "done ne'er a ha'porth of good since his Rav'rence put him in it."

THE UNTILLED FIELD is admirably written; the writer has a rare power of generating a kind of set-grey atmosphere in his pictures of rural life. A Dublin Catholic journal gives the name "Sourface" to the Protestant, why we cannot guess. In our experience it is the poor Catholic who looks sour, or rather sad. Melancholy has "marked him for her own"; his tone of voice is as sad as the wind that sweeps over the dreary bogs, as the mournful Celtic melodies—"the cry of one driven out into the night—into a night of wind and rain." The very name Killarney is, in the mouth of a Kerryman, a wail. The book is full of picturesque description, and happy imagery; and it is quite free from exaggeration and from any attempt to suppress adverse evidence. In fact, like the good Bishop Butler, he sometimes puts the case against himself better than his opponents could have put it. At least, few Irish priests could turn the tables on the adversary so cleverly as Father Murphy does on Mr. Carmady in the WILD GOOSE:—

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Father Murphy began by deploring the evils of emigration, and said Mr. Carmady deserved their thanks for directing popular attention to this evil. He complimented Mr. Carmady on the picturesque manner in which he had described the emptying of the country, but he could not agree with him regarding the causes which had brought about this lamentable desire to leave the fatherland. Mr. Carmady's theory was that the emptying of Ireland was due to the fact that the Irish priests had succeeded in inducing men to refrain from the commission of sin, Mr. Carmady did not reproach the priest with having failed, but with having succeeded—a strange complaint. The cause of the emigration, according to Mr. Carmady, was the desire of a sinless people for sin—a strange accusation. The people were leaving Ireland because they desired to indulge in indecent living. The words Mr. Carmady used were "the joy of life," but the meaning of these words was well known. No race had ever been libelled as the Irish race had been; but no libel had ever equalled the libel which he had heard to-day, that the Irish race were leaving Ireland in search of sin. They had heard a great deal about the dancing girl, and according to Mr. Carmady it would seem that a nation could save itself by jiggling.

As a work of art there is one small point in which THE UNTILLED FIELD falls short. Mr. Moore has lived so long out of Ireland that he quite forgets how the peasants talk. No day labourer could possibly say, "I shall be reaping to-morrow." No colleen could say, "are they not beautiful?" No beggar man could say "one never knows till one tries." All these are English modes of speech and do not exist in the peasant vocabulary. *I'll, ain't, and ye never know* would be the Irish equivalents. However, Mr. Moore has only given us English for Irish dialect. He has spared us false-Irish, such as *abounds* in the books of English writers on Ireland. We meet no monstrous forms like *praste, quane, belave* or (worse of all) *yiz* as a singular. *Yiz* is always plural, and is a very useful

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form. Everyone must have felt how inconvenient is the ambiguity of *you* in orthodox speech. Another desiderate particle is *sure*, which English writers hardly ever use rightly; Thackeray, however, understood its use. When Miss Fotheringay said "Sure I made a beefsteak pie," she used rightly a particle which conveys some such meaning as "*you will be glad (or surprised)*" to hear that I have made a beefsteak pie." The Irish ethical dative, *on me*, is also a form much needed in English speech. "Sure he's afther lamin' me harse on me" is Irish for "I have to inform you that I have just suffered an injury at his hands in the laming of my horse." The *devil* figures largely in Irish dialect. Such is the whirligig of things that it is sometimes an epithet of commendation. A Dublin barrister who had just failed in a prosecution was recently greeted on coming out of court by the young daughter of the defendant with the words "Ye thought ye were the devil but yer noss (not)." Education would have made her say, "you thought there was no limit to the success of your baneful powers." But how much better was the little girl's style!

Mr. Moore does not attempt dialect, and this is the proper course for a writer, unless he thoroughly understands it, as very few do. The authors of *EXPERIENCES OF AN IRISH R.M.* are infallible as to dialect and diction, but they stand alone. Few are endurable. The present writer has heard players on the English stage say "Och begorra I cawnt," and has seen an Irish colleen in a London theatre lift her hands to the gods and declare "I shall nevah be false to the 'ouse of Kavanagh," with the accent on the penult of Kavanagh which is a dactyl. Then, why are English writers careful to write *shure* in the Irish mouth? Did any one ever pro-

nounce the word otherwise? Again, Paddy of course says *munny*, *nayber*, *onner*; but so does the Prince of Wales. Why, then, call attention to a perfectly normal pronunciation? But, indeed, in dialect and diction few novelists are free from strange inconsistencies. The heroic characters hardly ever have any peculiarities of dialect or diction, and even the funny man forgets his brogue and talks like a book if the story by any chance carries him into a heroic or "strong" situation. We are grateful to Mr. Moore for not attempting the Irish dialect, and we wish English novelists and playwrights would follow his example.

The note of depression, even of despair, which runs through the whole book is nowhere so emphasised as in *A PLAYHOUSE IN THE WASTE*. Father James was the priest of the poorest parish in Ireland, and was constantly engaged in a desperate struggle to keep his miserable flock alive, and at home. Weaving and lace-making had been tried in vain; they only helped emigration; there was a famine every three or four years; and the relief works were the only hope. The relief works helped to aggravate the general depression; the roads, which were made only to supply work for the starving peasantry, led nowhere, and stopped in the middle of a bog when the relief money was exhausted. Father James had been reading about the Oberammergau performances and it occurred to him that if visitors came from every part of Europe to see a few peasants acting a miracle play in the Tyrol, people might at least come from Dublin to see an "Oberammergau in the West." The priest is knitting stockings. He used to read, but it was a trial to put down an absorbing book to attend a sick call; and knitting had such a tendency to make him think:—

"Do you know," said I, "your playhouse touches me to the heart. Once pleasure hovered over your parish, but the bird did not alight. Let me start a subscription for you in Dublin."

"I don't think," said the priest, "that would be possible."

"Not for me to get fifty pounds?"

"Yes, you might get the money, but I don't think we could ever get up a performance of the play."

"And why not?"

"You see the wind came and blew down the wall, and I think they look upon that wind as a manifestation of God's disapproval. The idea of amusement shocks them."

Besides, the widow Sheridan's pretty daughter who was to play Good Deeds in the miracle play had been led astray one evening returning from rehearsal, had been *wake* in the language of the people, and had been sent to America. As for the result of her *wakeness*:

Mrs. Sheridan put a bit of string round its throat and buried it one night near the playhouse. And it was three nights after that the storm rose, and the child was seen pulling the thatch out of the roof.

Father James sums up the matter in the touching words: "The Celt is melting like snow: he lingers in little patches in the corner of the field, and hands are stretched from every side. For it is human to stretch hands to fleeting things, but as well might we try to retain the snow."

Mr. Moore can write very prettily, as when he tells us how the emigrant "remembered a green undulating country, out of which the trees seemed to emerge like vapours, and a line of pearl-coloured mountains showing above the horizon on fine days." What makes his literary skill the more effective is the feeling that he sets no store by it himself. He is too much in earnest to pose, as he tells of Ireland's fidelity to her religion to

Rome, to everything except herself, her determination to do everything but try to make life worth living. The Irish are too poor to pay for pleasure, but they are not too poor to spend fifteen millions a year on religion. There are now twelve hundred convents in Ireland and twenty thousand nuns. Mr. Moore's book is a plea for the "harmless necessary" laity.

"Father O'Flynn" is of a type that never existed except in pseudo-Irish melodramas written by Englishmen. He no more resembles the Irish priest of to-day than he resembles a Hindu Fakir or an ancient Roman Pontifex Maximus. Mr. Moore's priests are true types, but idealised, like those of Father Sheehan. We doubt if there is now in Ireland a priest who has ever read a line of Quintilian (whom by the way Mr. Moore calls more than once Quintillian). But Mr. Moore is true to nature when he describes the priest on his practical side, his life-long struggle with miserable poverty and the menacing allurements of emigration. We think that nowhere else, not even in *ESTHER WATERS*, has he so well and aptly employed his large powers of realistic presentment of a somewhat complicated condition of social life and thought. His gift of intuitive perception invests with interest sketches however thin.

THE UNTILLED FIELD will not be well received in England, because it deals with Ireland as it is, not with Ireland as the Englishman desires it to be, and as he persists in believing it to be. It is not a country with Father O'Flynn's for priests (or prastes, as he will have them say) and Mickey Frees for peasants, who are delighted to earn a shilling for gaffing the fish that the English tourist has caught, or carrying the bag which he has made, regaling him all the time with quaint stories illustrating ingenuously the



God-appointed superiority of the Englishman. Books of this kind are made in London and command a ready sale. Mr. Moore's book will supply materials for the historian or statesman (if that class is not extinct) who desires to understand the real Ireland of the present day.

It has often been asked of late, where is the Irish Sir Walter Scott? We feel sure that he who aspires, however humbly, to that rôle must work on Mr. Moore's lines; but he has no chance of even approaching the achievements of his model. Sir Walter had to deal with a struggle between dynasties—a subject which will always be romantic, even though neither dynasty be at all heroic. But the history of Ireland presents to the novelist no such noble materials and never did. It presents only an ignoble struggle between forms of faith, so crudely realised on both sides that it is quite impossible to clothe either in the hues of romance. It is true that there were Presbyterian Jacobites in 1745, and that Presbyterians were at the front in 1798; but it was not long before the cleavage became one between Jacobites and Hanoverians at the former crisis, while the struggle of 1798 almost at once resolved itself into a conflict between Protestants and Catholics. Sir Walter *redivivus* could

not infuse any heroic elements into weak and aimless bickering. The novelist who aspires to handle with any success the Ireland of to-day, must part company with faithful portraiture largely, like Father Sheehan, or altogether, like Mr. O'Brien, or he must paint the Ireland conceived by the British tourist, like Mrs. Somerville and Miss Martin Ross. If he wishes to be faithful to truth and realism, he must use the drab and sombre colours of George Moore. The first and the second methods will earn the plaudits of Catholic Ireland and of the English press. The third will be unnoticed or condemned. Not one of them will have the slightest chance of awakening the interest and enthusiasm which followed the work of Sir Walter even into its decrepitude, because not one of them has anything more noble to deal with than a peasantry dull and patient as a rule, but roused now and then into hysterics by self-interested sedition-mongers; or else a quite imaginary rural folk happy in squalor and a little sport, in which they play the servant to the master or the child to the man. When the Irish novel introduces a character above the peasant class, he is invariably English or Anglicised or contemptible.

ROBERT YELVERTON TYRRELL.



## THE COLONIES AND IMPERIAL DEFENCE.

LET us by all means have all the arguments, from both sides of the question, so far as regards the best means of arriving at an efficient system of imperial defence, but let there be no hectoring and no impugning of the motives or intelligence of those who, for reasons which they themselves believe to be good and sufficient, support views in opposition to our own.<sup>1</sup>

With Colonel Pollock's regret that a spirit of "dangerous acerbity" should be abroad upon any subject whatever no one will be likely to quarrel. But from his suggestion that this spirit is to be found in a special degree in the discussion of Imperial Defence, I entirely dissent. Not for the past few months only, but for the past nineteen years, I have closely followed the question of Imperial Defence as intimately connected with that of Imperial Federation, and I have no hesitation in saying that, with due allowance for the very modest knowledge of the facts which unfortunately prevails, and for the great distances which exist between many of the parties to the controversy, the discussion has been carried on with a degree of moderation and sympathy which does credit to both colonials and Englishmen, and which enables us to compare it favourably with the controversies upon education and trade which are now raging in our midst.

The change which Colonel Pollock has noticed during the last few months is probably due to the fact

that we are getting much nearer to the point. The discussion has almost ceased to be academic and is assuming reality. This is naturally disturbing to the minds of those who have not kept pace with the movement, and when it is realised that people are talking about things as if they meant them, and as if they thought that something was coming of their talk, their energy may be mistaken for "dangerous acerbity." Misunderstanding, however, does not follow from plain speaking, but rather from the failure to speak plainly. Nowhere is this so well understood as in the colonies, whose statesmen and whose press have always set us an excellent example in this respect. The more plainly we open our minds to our fellow subjects in the colonies, the more clearly we set before them all the considerations and the necessities involved in the administration of this great Empire, the better will be the prospect of our future relations with them, whether those relations take the intimate form of federation or the more distant one of alliance under one sovereign.

As one of those who in the Colonel's words "honestly study the welfare of the Empire," and on behalf of many others in this country who do likewise, I emphatically deny that we "rail at the colonies" because they do not fall in with our view, or that we endeavour to "force particular views of practical imperialism down unwilling throats." The first would be useless, the second obviously impossible. Every one who has made an elemen-

<sup>1</sup> From THE COLONIES AND IMPERIAL DEFENCE: by the Editor of THE UNITED SERVICE MAGAZINE in MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE for June.

tary study of the Empire must know that the self-governing colonies are absolutely free agents so far as we are concerned. We certainly strive our utmost, by argument and appeals to reason, to convince those with whom we have to co-operate that our ideal is the right one. If they have another ideal, it is for them to resort to the same weapons and to use them to the best of their ability. The result will most probably be a compromise, in which case both sides will have had the satisfaction of contributing to a good understanding, which is the first thing to be aimed at.

But the discussion which has taken place seems to have filled Colonel Pollock with genuine alarm for the existence of the Empire, and it is probably this alarm which accounts for a lapse from his usual urbanity, in respect of my letter to the *Times*. The spirit of the exhortation quoted from Colonel Pollock at the head of this article is admirable indeed, and should have restrained him from unprovoked discourtesy. He has a perfect right to his opinion that my letter should have found its way into the waste-paper basket, rather than into the columns of the *Times*,—though to express that opinion in public was the reverse of courtesy; but the distinguished Editor of that journal thought otherwise, and possibly the public may hold that he, rather than Colonel Pollock, is the better judge as to what is fitting to appear in the leading journal of the Empire. Convenient as it might be, in public controversy, to be able to move that your opponents be not heard, such procedure would hardly be in keeping with the excellent sentiment which I have quoted from Colonel Pollock's article.

The letters to which Colonel Pollock refers dealt, not with the minor questions of imperial defence, such as whether there shall be a squadron

here or a coaling station there; whether Australia shall contribute to a common navy or set up one of her own; but with the broad question of where the responsibility for the safety of the Empire shall lie; whether it shall be borne by the Empire as a whole, whether it shall be borne individually, each community being responsible for its own safety, or whether it shall remain, as at present, concentrated upon the shoulders of the British taxpayer. This is the question which has to be determined before any satisfactory conclusion can be arrived at as to the methods of imperial defence, and until a decision has been reached upon that point, the whole policy of defence must remain in a state of flux.

Colonel Pollock's article is an argument for doing nothing to arrive at a settlement of this momentous question—a plea for letting matters drift. It is a big question, it is a difficult question, it is a very complicated question; therefore let us leave it alone, pretend it is not there, and all will come right. The Committee on the other hand, because it is a big question, because it is a difficult question, because it is *the* question, desires to see it taken in hand and dealt with by the best statesmanship the Empire can produce, and not left to settle itself, until we drift into such a position with the colonies and the rest of the world, that it can only be dealt with in the way which Colonel Pollock and the Committee least desire.

It is certain that the policy of drift is not that of Mr. Chamberlain. There is no shirking the point in his statement to the colonial Premiers last year. "The privileges which we enjoy involve corresponding obligations. The responsibilities must be reciprocal and must be shared in common." And again, when in South

Africa this year, he declared "The Colonies must either abandon their ideas of Empire, or they must take their full share of its responsibilities."

It is because the Imperial Federation (Defence) Committee recognises that the sharing of the responsibilities of the Empire is the essential question for its people at this moment that the letter was written to the *Times* from which Colonel Pollock quotes as follows :

So long as the United Kingdom allows her exclusive responsibility for these colonies to remain, so long will there be no serious consideration by them of the requirements of Imperial Defence. Put a term to those responsibilities and the question at once becomes a real one with infinite possibilities for the future of the Empire.

As Colonel Pollock thinks well to state that "Mr. Loring endeavoured to correct the impression conveyed by his first letter in a second," I desire to say that I adhere absolutely to the words quoted above, and that in my second letter,—which was in reply to a request for information as to the effect of the action advocated in the first—I requoted them, and have never in any way modified them. It is true, however, that I have more than once had occasion to correct the impression produced by an inaccurate paraphrase of this sentence, such as that with which Colonel Pollock immediately follows the quotation from my letter. "If," he says, "we, indeed, were to inform the colonies that we should decline undertaking their defence after the expiration of, let us say, five years, unless they had meanwhile assumed their proper share of the imperial burden, the possibilities for the future of the Empire would at once become not 'infinite' but *finite*—for there would soon cease to be an empire." This proposition may or

may not be true; but there is no present occasion to discuss what would happen under the circumstances which Colonel Pollock supposes. I have not suggested that the colonies should be told that we would not defend them; neither the declaration nor the alternative which he indicates are to be found in the proposition quoted as mine. Though I am persuaded that Colonel Pollock would not be intentionally unfair, I feel that I have ground for the remark that such misrepresentation is not calculated to promote that good understanding between writers in this country and in the colonies for which his article pleads.

In order to entirely remove the impression which Colonel Pollock's faulty paraphrase may have created, it becomes necessary to point out that the placing of a term to the exclusive responsibility of the United Kingdom for the safety of these colonies is not synonymous with a declaration that the United Kingdom will not undertake to defend the colonies. It is one thing to be ready, in a fitting case, to defend them to the best of our ability and opportunity, and quite another to be solely responsible for their safety. So long as a number of communities owe allegiance to the same sovereign, it will be the duty of each community to do its best for the protection of that sovereign's dominions when in danger, wherever they may be, and there is no reason, judging from the past, to suppose that the United Kingdom would be backward in this duty. But that is a very different thing from leaving one community "responsible" for the safety of all the others, regardless of what they may do or may leave undone for their own safety. The one is a natural and a national duty which all loyal men must

accept, and it applies equally to colonists and to Britons. The other is an unnatural and intolerable burden upon one section only of the King's subjects, which cannot be justified by any consideration, either moral or material—either of loyalty or of self-interest; while it acts as a powerful deterrent, preventing the other sections from fulfilling the national duty of protecting the territories of their King.

Again, according to the proposition, the exclusive responsibility of the United Kingdom is to be determined absolutely; not as Colonel Pollock suggests, contingently upon the colonies doing this or that. It is to be determined because it is an obsolete survival from a condition of things to which it is no longer applicable, and because it now inflicts a gross injustice upon the people of the United Kingdom and constitutes a grave danger to the Empire as a whole. Under no circumstances would such responsibility be revived, whether the colonies "assume their proper share" or not. Indeed, it is obvious that if the colonies assume their share, the responsibility of the United Kingdom can no longer be *exclusive*, it has become *joint*. The United Kingdom would be prepared to take its full share,—whatever might be agreed upon in consultation with the other self-governing countries of the Empire—but on no consideration would it resume the *exclusive* responsibility for the safety of the self-governing colonies which rests upon it at present. That would be ended for ever. Having thus, as I trust, cleared the ground of the misconceptions introduced by Colonel Pollock's very free translation of the words of my letter, and having restored the proposition to its original form, we may proceed to

the consideration of the consequences which would follow upon carrying it into effect.

In order to appreciate these, it is first necessary to realise what is the nature of the responsibility for the safety of these colonies which at present rests upon the United Kingdom. First, the responsibility is an exclusive one; it applies to no other community within the Empire; it is shared with no other community. Secondly, it is unlimited. The United Kingdom is to-day responsible for the safety of the lives, the interests, the territories and the trade of the twelve million people of the self-governing colonies against the action of any other power. The responsibility remains to us from the infant days of those now great and prosperous communities, the days when they were helpless and when everything had to be done for them. Thirdly, it exists because it has never been put an end to. Such responsibility was then obviously sole, exclusive and complete, as our possession of those territories was then sole, exclusive and complete. It has not been modified from that day to this, and therefore it remains with the people of the United Kingdom, although our possession of these countries, the very origin of our responsibility, has ceased to exist.

Probably no more effective way of exhibiting the extraordinary situation which has thus arisen could be found than that which was afforded by two speeches made in Canada last year within a few weeks of one another. The Governor General of Canada, the representative of the Sovereign and of this country in the Dominion, declared to Canadians that "The Mother Country was pledged to support her young dependencies to her last man, should they fall into difficulties." Sir Frederick Borden, the Minister of Defence for Canada,

giving an account of his stewardship at the Colonial Conference, said "Canada's representatives took the ground that they could not enter into any bond to contribute for Imperial Defence purposes. Our proposal was that we should . . . perfect, as far as our means will allow and as quickly as we can, our own defences. Then, if any emergency arose which required our help, we should be in a position to help, if we choose." Thus the mother country is pledged to defend the colonies to her last man. Canada is absolutely free to do as she chooses.

But the responsibility of the United Kingdom does not end with the last fighting man. The Imperial Federation (Defence) Committee, when addressing Her Majesty's Ministers in 1895, pointed out that "in continuing to be solely responsible for Imperial Defence, the people of the United Kingdom have come to be regarded as incurring also an ulterior responsibility for the lives, the interests, and the property of the 11,000,000 Colonists, a responsibility which, it has been made plain by circumstances that have already arisen will, in the event of war, be translated into liability for large sums of money representing losses incurred by their fellow-subjects through hostile operations." It is scarcely necessary to point out how accurate this forecast has proved to be, in view of the many millions which have been paid by the people of the United Kingdom,—as well as of the £2,000,000 claimed, but generously waived by Natal,—as compensation for the damage inflicted by the enemy which invaded the territories of the South African colonies. This is by no means the only case in which such compensation has been claimed and paid. There is much reason to believe that the general public in this country do

not appreciate to what extent their pecuniary responsibility for damage suffered by a colony at the hands of a foreign power exists, has been admitted and, still more important, is relied upon by the colonies.

It may be argued that there is no means of enforcing this liability against us, and that consequently what we pay we pay of our own free will. It is of course true that Cape Colony could not compel us to pay if we declined to do so. But when the situation is examined, it will be seen that, morally, we have no escape. Gross as is the injustice to ourselves, we could only avoid payment by doing a grave injustice to the colonists. We have allowed these communities to grow up in the belief that we were responsible for their safety; we can point to no limitation or termination of that responsibility; they can plead that they have in consequence of that responsibility made no adequate preparation for securing that safety. What stronger moral claim for compensation could exist? We could not, and we do not, deny our responsibility. But is it therefore necessary that we should continue it? Surely every dictate of prudence points to its termination at the earliest moment consistent with justice to our fellow-subjects in the colonies and their reasonable convenience. This is the step advocated by the Committee, both in the interests of the United Kingdom and in those of the Empire at large.

In my second letter to the *TIMES* to which Colonel Pollock refers, but from which he does not quote, the proposal was set out in detail, and an attempt made to show what might be the effect upon the organisation of the Empire. The following extracts are given with the desire to adhere as closely as possible to the original



proposition. It was proposed that an intimation should be given to the colonies that, after a convenient number of years.

the responsibility of the United Kingdom for the safety of the persons, the territories and the interests of the 11,000,000 people of those Colonies will come to an end, and that during those years the United Kingdom is ready to enter upon the consideration of proposals for the joint undertaking of those responsibilities in the future with any of the self-governing Colonies which may desire to take that course.

As a consequence, one of two things must happen in the case of each Colony. Either the Colony enters into an arrangement with the United Kingdom, such as has been suggested by Mr. Chamberlain, combining the sharing of Imperial burdens with joint representation, in which case there would be common responsibility for the safety of either party; or, the Colony assumes responsibility for its own safety, but would remain without any obligation for the safety of other communities.

In order to exhaust the possibilities, let us suppose the extreme case on either side,—namely—(1) That in which all the Colonies entered into an arrangement with the United Kingdom for the sharing of Imperial responsibilities. In such case the essentials of Federation of the Empire will have been attained upon a basis of mutual voluntary agreement, arrived at after mature consideration. (2) That in which none of the Colonies agree to such an arrangement. In that case it will be clear that a Federation of the Empire is not possible, owing to the wish of the Colonies to make their own independent arrangements for their safety. The United Kingdom would be relieved of an immense weight of responsibility, which would be limited in future to the care of her actual Empire. The United Kingdom or any other country of the Empire would then be in a position to carry out the policy which we are told has been laid down for Canada by the Dominion Government—namely, “to perfect, as far as our means will allow, our own defence. Then, when any emergency arose, we would be in a position to help if we choose.”

Generally, and in any case, the United Kingdom would be relieved of a burden of responsibility which we know on the highest authority is becoming intolerable, while the power of the Empire would be strengthened (a) by the combination of the resources of certain of its members with those of the United Kingdom for purposes of defence, (b) by the additional means of defence set up by those communities, if any, which elected to be responsible for their own safety, (c) or by one or other of these causes.

It only remains to be pointed out that, while it removes the main obstacle to the federation of the Empire, this procedure provides the fullest freedom of action for all concerned, coupled with ample time for consideration. No community would be under compulsion to pay anything to anybody unless it chose; no community would be compelled to share any responsibility with other communities unless it thought it to its interest to do so. It would even afford an opportunity for a colony to try the experiment of bearing its own responsibilities with a minimum of risk to itself or of danger to the unity of the Empire; while, if the experiment were not found to be encouraging, the door would no doubt be found open for subsequent entry into the combination. Finally, in view of Mr. Chamberlain's pregnant declaration that “the present state of things cannot be permanent,” is it not the businesslike thing to do? No one but the United Kingdom can put an end to the present state of affairs. The responsibility lies with her, and the blame will lie with her and with her alone if the end to this “state of things” comes without due notice and with consequent disaster.

ARTHUR H. LORING,

*Hon. Secretary,  
Imperial Federation (Defence) Committee.*



## ARCADY.

WE have been told over and over again that a millionaire is not always a happy man, but we find it difficult to believe this. We cannot help remembering having heard that an ounce of personal experience is worth a ton of theory, and this is just the kind of theory we would gladly try in practice for ourselves, just to make sure. So unnatural does the statement seem to us that we are not even prepared to take the millionaire's own word for it that his wealth brings him no happiness and only gives him board and lodging like any other man. We are inclined to think that it must be the man's own fault, for a dissatisfied and grumbling disposition would make a man quarrel with his fate even if he were a beggar.

And yet, if happiness, as some philosophers say, is only to be realised under conditions of the utmost simplicity, it follows that the possession of millions, with all the vexations they entail, is not so much to be envied. This is perhaps the reason why so many of us, when the hopeless pursuit of phantom wealth begins to pall, sigh for a simple Arcadian existence, where millions cease from troubling and the wealthy can be at rest. In Arcady a million more or less would not add to or detract from a man's enjoyment of life; we are all alike there. The blue sky, a couch of dry aromatic leaves (leaves are always aromatic in Arcady) under a spreading oak, a few bare necessities of life such as :

A book of verses underneath the bough,  
A jug of wine, a loaf of bread—and  
Thou

Beside me singing in the Wilderness—  
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow !

Quite so ; no reasonable man wants more. "The thoughtful Soul to Solitude retires," further remarks Omar the Tentmaker ; but before we follow his advice and make up our minds to go, let us first make quite sure that we know where Arcady is, and that it is really such a pleasant place as poets try to paint it. Surely it is not out of place to give a word of warning here ;—put not your trust in poets ; more misleading guides you could not well find. They love the beautiful ; they see it where less gifted mortals would not dream of looking for it ; in search of material they are tempted to idealise the commonplace ; they labour under the disadvantage of having to suppress the truth if they cannot make it rhyme. An examination of the works of ancient and modern singers shows us that in consequence of the scarcity of pleasant subjects they have been obliged to misrepresent less pleasant matters to an alarming extent. We know Pan was worshipped in Arcady, and nothing could be more charming than a god peacefully piping while his worshippers paid the piper, in other words neglected their business for the sake of singing and dancing to his tune. But on the other side of the medal we find it inscribed that they offered human sacrifices in Arcady, a less charming fact of the highest importance to intending Arcadians, which however no poet ever thinks of mentioning ! The happy Arcadians were also rather stupid, their name

being in ancient times the equivalent of our modern Hodge; and prosaic history, unfeeling as a census return, unmindful of poetic requirements, plainly tells us that the simple life of the Happy Valley so palled on some of the inhabitants that they engaged themselves as mercenary soldiers to serve in foreign parts. "Anything for a change," said the Arcadian, but the poets are silent on these very suggestive facts. In short, there is a greater analogy between poetry and the prospectus of a Limited Liability Company than appears on the surface, and if we wish to invest in Arcadian property we must do so with our eyes open.

There is something exquisitely humorous, a mingling of laughter and tears, in the Neo-Paganism of the day, in the longing expressed by many otherwise sensible people for a return to Nature, to a state of things which more or less prevailed when wild in wood the noble savage ran. Of necessity the longing is of a vague and undetermined nature, for it is exceedingly difficult, almost impossible in fact, to choose one's period or epoch. A very primitive existence was not altogether enviable; the original wild nobleman was not happy, far from it; no one who has seen it will ever forget the picture once exhibited in one of the London galleries, showing a startled savage of the period turning the corner leading to his secluded cave and coming unexpectedly on a lion eating his wife! Such things did happen in Arcady, and were drawbacks not mentioned in the prospectus.

This constituted a fatal disadvantage, for we cannot live alone in Arcady. Although Robinson Crusoe had his island to himself and was not troubled by modern civilisation beyond the limited assistance he could derive from the wreck, no one, we

imagine, ever considered his life as one of primitive or idyllic happiness. He put up with it because he could not help himself, and bore it with a resignation in which there was nothing Arcadian. It would have been insufferable without the charm and the glamour of the tropics. Singularly enough, such climatic conditions, tacitly implied by the disbelievers in civilisation who aspire to a more natural life, actually prevailed in Great Britain when the noble savage and the hairy elephant ran concurrently, or after one another; it is so long ago that their relative positions cannot be ascertained, but we may probably take it for granted that the noble savage ran first, in that happy country of the poet's dream.

Our climate is now unsuitable for pastoral simplicity; it is as well to remember that, though we need no more fear the elephant, his place is quite adequately filled (with but the change of a letter or two) by the elements. Our tramps, wise in their generation, lead an ideal and primitive life just so long as the weather is fine; in winter they take to the highly civilised and more complicated workhouse, and we cannot blame them, for is not this sort of dual life, changing our period as may be required, just the existence we long for, of course without the undesirable extremes? As a general rule, the Neo-Pagan's faith is a fine weather one. In his quality of would-be heathen he may be depended upon for being as dormant as a dormouse so long as the winter lasts. But when the sweet summer comes, when "Each Morn a thousand Roses brings," when the gladness of renewed Nature contrasts too painfully with the sad gloom of the City and the street, the long forgotten faith resumes its sway.

From time to time we meet in the

newspaper the ingenious advertisement of people offering to exchange houses for the season, acting on the supposition that country people are just as anxious to come to town as we are to leave it. In this they are justified by the Arcadians who in their time already wanted a change. Pan himself has come to town;—so say they who believe that his hoofs and horns have identified him with the Devil from the earliest ages of Christianity, and that in this new incarnation he is not by any means so pastoral as he was before. But some of us know better. When we have exchanged houses with a comfortable farmer anxious to see town life, we soon find that Great Pan is not dead! He still haunts the glades of the forest, waiting for us; and we shall hear him, playing on his strangely moving, soul-stirring reeds, when we sit beside the stream, listening to the rustle of the sedges. We shall not see him; the Spirits of Nature were never visible; but when in after years we are sometimes haunted by the recollection of a certain hour in a silent, breathless summer's night when glow-worms faintly shone in the grass after the heat of the day, and the trees, dark and motionless, stood outlined against the last red afterglow of the sunset; or when we remember some early morning hour, bright and dewy, when the level sun-rays turned the water of the weir into a sheet of silver and the swallows skimmed the surface with a cry like the whistling of a bullet, the only sound in the wonderful stillness of the newborn day,—then we may know that those were the hours when all unperceived the god was very near to us. Nature worship was once the religion of mankind, and it was the finest and most deeply felt creed of ancient days. After thousands of years it has not been eradicated from

our breasts, and many of us are still pagans at heart.

Permanent dwellers in Arcady receive no such impressions. Familiarity has blunted their perceptions, and it is therefore well that year after year we must reluctantly return to the busy haunts of our daily life and toil. But how reluctantly, who can tell? In melancholy mood we revisit for the last time all our favourite spots; late at night, before beginning the hateful packing, we take a last turn through the silent lanes and leaning on a stile we wait for the moon to peep over the distant hills.

Yon rising moon that looks for us  
again—  
How oft hereafter will she wax and  
wane,  
How oft hereafter rising look for us  
Through this same garden—and for *one*  
in vain!

It does not seem possible to us that our farmer, in his moments of disgust with his life, ever had the slightest wish to meet Pan in the sylvan glades which he, the farmer, knows so well and in which he takes so little interest beyond calculating the material advantage they offer in the shape of firewood for the winter. In the way of a thorough change, he prefers to meet King Edward and his Court in the Mall, to see from afar the millionaire scattering his millions as the farmer sows his grain; to worship Plutus, with mouth wide open, in Park Lane and in Piccadilly. Then he too receives impressions, and the human stream of the mighty Metropolis is a revelation to him. Blankly he gazes after youth and beauty dashing past in light victorias, wonders at top-heavy omnibuses swaying dangerously, loaded like his own hay-wains, at broughams with old dowagers and old beaux; admires the swells from the clubs, notices the hawkers and policemen—a thick throng of humanity

living its life under high pressure. The very cripples move faster than in the country; no one, not even they, can rest for a moment here. Like a swarm of midges in the sunshine, the movement is incessant; stayed only by falling night, it is renewed again the next morning; and also like the midges, not all are the same that danced yesterday—in a few years none the same, quite a new swarm in fact. How many brilliant swarms have there been since George the Third was king? Judging from his pre-conceived ideas, all this effervescence means pleasure and happiness. Back in the country, his daughters cannot think of the scene without a melting of the heart and a longing. Very singular all this, for if you stand aside and examine the faces of the crowd, this happiness is by no means manifest, except perhaps in the case of youth, which is happy everywhere. The sensation of being one of a crowd, of sharing the amusement of a crowd, is satisfying to some and counts for superficial happiness. Midges dance in crowds, as the farmer well knows.

The distinction between town and country, between natural and artificial life is of course, as we all know, a very arbitrary one. The highly complicated and seemingly artificial life which we now lead is an absolutely natural condition of existence, as natural as the life of a colony of beavers in one of their dams on a Canadian river, or of a nation of ants at work in the garden. Evolution directs the forces of nature in the building of the beavers' houses, in the construction of birds' nests and in the building of the king's palaces. There is no natural difference between a leaf carried by a murmuring stream over transparent depths full of sunshine, under dark tunnels of overhanging foliage, and a human waif whirling in a human stream over muddy pavements. As the great

ocean itself is but a single drop in the immensity of creation, so London, overgrown as it is, is but as an ants' nest in the surrounding country.

But all conditions of cosmic life in progress of evolution are not equally pleasant or desirable, as we can see by considering the subject for a moment in an aspect which would have commended itself to the Tent-maker aforesaid and quoted, by following for the purposes of our argument a bunch of grapes in its predestined progress, from the time when it hangs basking in the Provençal sun, fanned by the breeze on the pleasant hillside, until it sparkles as a delicate wine in a dainty tapering Venetian goblet. Both the beginning and the end of its career are, in their way, delightful,—but the intermediate processes are by no means so pleasant. If matter as such could be endowed with consciousness, the juice of the grape would object to its existence during the process of fermentation. But dark, noisome and objectionable as it is, what is it but matter in a state of transformation, and what else is man at any time? Our noisy, bustling city life may be no more than a necessary transition state between Arcady and the Millennium. If we compare the hurrying, breathless turmoil of life at high pressure in a great city to the fermentation of the wine, we may understand the desire to enjoy once more the delightful rest of the grape on the fragrant southern hill, but is it not better to look forward to a better time coming, since return is impossible; to wait patiently,—not for the Millennium, that is too much to ask—but to a time perhaps a little nearer, when mortal existence may be a little more like sparkling wine in a dainty goblet than it is at present?

How impossible it is to retrace our steps and to enjoy once more the simple delights of a primitive and

innocent existence is clearly indicated in the well-known lines which every would-be Arcadian or Neo-Pagan should learn by heart :

It is a good and soothfast saw  
Half-roasted never will be raw.

And having tasted stolen honey  
You can't buy innocence for money.

Although everything having the appearance of poetry, anything in fact that rhymes, must for the reason already stated be received with a certain mental reservation, it is difficult to dispute the value of lines which state an unpleasant truth with such refreshing candour and directness, not at all usual in metrical effusions. We may object to the term "half-roasted" as dimly offensive when applied to us mortals, but we readily grant the loss of innocence, an inconvenient quality in the twentieth century, which we are not anxious to buy in such large quantities as the poet seems to think. In these times of financial, mental and moral thimble-rigging we must not be too innocent. Even the first and only original Arcadians, Adam and Eve to wit, would not have lost an earthly paradise for good and all if they had been just a little less innocent and a trifle more suspicious.

It is not our purpose to discuss the moral and ethical conditions belonging to an original or a partly reconstructed Arcady; life would not be long enough if we wanted to obtain a clear and comprehensive view of all our hopes and longings reduced to a picture as clear in every detail as a camera obscura image. Distance lends enchantment to our views of Arcady, as we have seen; without some mental confusion and a convenient blurring of the distant horizon we could not bear existence at all,

for as a useful paradox we may say that the more we understand a thing the less we want it. The straightforward sentiment of the soothfast saw we have just quoted brings out the difficulty of this part of the subject clearly enough, for it is, as has been said of the French novel, true enough, but *inconvenient*. Innocence is a useful word to juggle with because, like a juggler's apparatus, it has a double meaning. In its moral sense, as we understand it now, the primitive Arcadians enjoyed a singular license and a much greater freedom; they must have depended on stolen honey, in the figurative as well as in the actual sense, to a far greater extent than would be allowed to their would-be imitators, though in their simplicity of mind, which is the other meaning of the word, they may have fallen easily duped victims to all sorts of confidence tricks. Our minds are now, we will not say clearer, but more complicated, and our sensations are more difficult to define and to satisfy. Not even for a few weeks could we enjoy the simple delights of country life if a sufficient knowledge of evil and its consequences did not supply us with the necessary contrast and restraint. The conditional innocence which commends itself for a short holiday is the easy-going, happy-go-lucky morality of the RUBAIYAT, which enabled Omar to enjoy life though quite aware of all the perplexing doubts and contradictions which surrounded him :—

Waste not your Hour, nor in the vain  
pursuit  
Of This and That endeavour and  
dispute;  
Better be jocund with the fruitful  
Grape  
Than sadden after none, or bitter, Fruit.

The Poet-Astronomer was not innocent, nor should we call him exactly

moral nowadays, but he was wise, with that surpassing wisdom which knows its own limitations and understands the usefulness and value of a shrug of the shoulders.

We try to imitate this philosophic frame of mind when we leave Arcady at the end of our holiday, after a brief peep at what we have lost. When we seem to leave brightness, happiness and sweet simplicity behind, we tell ourselves that we do no such thing, that nature can be worshipped everywhere, and try to believe it until we are brought face to face with some grim realities. When the train steams into the dreary, black and noisy terminus, and the rickety four-wheeler shakes us as it takes us to our door through endless vistas of smoky brick and mortar, we think with dread of the pile of letters, bills, perhaps summonses and judgements waiting for us on the dusty writing-table. When the farmer comes home again in his gig from the nearest station, to his thatched farm near the wood and the weir, he . . . well, he too will probably find papers, tax-collectors' notices, bills and summonses which we have kindly taken in for him while we lived in his house;—the King's writ runs in Arcady nowadays, a modern drawback not to be lightly dismissed in these days of agricultural depression. It is not stated in history whether the Arcadians were in the habit of grumbling as much as our

farmers do. Probably they did, for an unscientific system of piping and dancing was not the best way to ensure a bumper crop. The happy dancers who afterwards enlisted were no doubt evicted, having danced on the edge of the volcano of bankruptcy until the evil day could no longer be put off. There were cities in Arcadia too,—Megalopolis must have been a fair-sized city to judge by the name, and farms for a holiday must often have been cheap for the renting by Megalopolitans who wanted their turn to commune with Pan and Sweet Echo in the glades.

Using the present as an object lesson of what the past must have been, we see how shockingly we have been deceived by the poets who would make life one long holiday, forgetting that the man who wants to be happy for more than a few weeks in each year is bound to be disappointed. Arcadia has been shamefully puffed; it never was and never could have been as advertised; it was never suitable for an all-the-year-round residence, but if the farmer has not been evicted by next year, and he wishes to see the millionaires of Park Lane again, we shall be glad enough to exchange houses with him once more; and the moon, peeping over the distant hills, hereafter rising to look for us, may perchance see us by the weir near the wood again!

MARCUS REED.



## THE HANDICRAFTS.

THERE is a charm in the life of a transition age, for it is like the planting of a garden in which each of us, if he choose, may sow some seeds, or may but watch the growth of those sown by others. But whether we are workers or watchers, there is an intense interest and excitement in following the great work of transformation. There is an uncertainty, born of our own ignorance, which gives zest to the fight. Will the seed germinate, will the plant flourish? Will it kill out others, or be killed by them? And we notice, in human life, as in plant life, that it is the growths natural to the soil that flourish best, and are hardest to kill. The hot-house idea needs constant forcing.

One of these growths which many are now watching with anxiety is the revival of the handicrafts, the awakening of the artist from his picture dream to a realisation of the existence of other branches of art (I use the word art under protest, for it may mean anything, from the works of Phidias to the newest shade of enamel on the hot-water can). Without attempting to define the word further, I use it here simply to imply those works of the hand which bear the impress of an imaginative mind sensible of the beauty of form and colour around it, and with the power to create, and to put its impressions into tangible shape with some degree of success.

This revival has shown itself chiefly in two directions, the spontaneous, natural rise of a body of artists, each independently working out his own

thoughts, and the forced art industries, galvanised into life, and maintaining a struggling existence under the fostering care of a few philanthropists. Both artists and philanthropists desire that the handicrafts should be placed upon such a firm footing, that any person taking them up and doing good work in them might be as sure of earning a livelihood as in any other profession; but one cannot say that they are at present anything but a very precarious means of existence, save to the few with exceptional talent, and especially *business* talent.

The so-called *art* industries are to a great extent the outcome of the efforts of a small body of men and women, seeking to solve some of the social problems of the day. So far as most of the workers are concerned art does not enter into the question at all, and were the guiding hand and moving spirit of each industry to be withdrawn, the whole movement would in most cases fall to the ground, wither away, and be forgotten. It is unfortunate that those who might assist have been alienated by the half-educated talk, the catchwords and ignorance of many of those who have been the spokesmen of the group. Seeing the misery around them, these philanthropists have cast about for a solution of the economic problem, and think that they have found it in art, more particularly as represented by the handicrafts.

So far as one can judge from the general tone of their conversation, their beliefs, inspired chiefly by Ruskin, are generally: That formerly

men were happy in their work ; that hand work is in itself happier and more moral than machine work ; that machine work and the consequent cheap market in England have injured art ; and that to provide the unemployed, both urban and rural, with small hand work will better their position, and save them from becoming the " victims " of industrial development, and will tend to solve some of the social riddles pressing upon us.

These ideas are worth looking at more closely. By a happy inspiration of his vivid imagination Ruskin arrived at the conclusion that in former days men were happy in their work (a statement reiterated by Morris, and entirely unconfirmed by anything that can be learned of the past), and that therefore they produced beautiful things ; so, they argued, it is only through art, or the beautiful things, that men can again find happiness. Then, said these masters, unless a man's work again becomes a pleasure, the token of which is beauty, there can be no art. That is to say, that the result of the pleasure is to cause the pleasure which causes the result ; the cause is not only to produce the effect, but the effect is first to produce the cause. To the brain of the general public this is decidedly puzzling.

As to the idea still prevalent among the disciples of Ruskin, that hand work is in itself a happier, better and more moral thing than machine work, if this once be granted, then we must abolish every implement, for how can a line be drawn ? If a needle be allowed with which to draw the thread, then why not a rod to push the needle ? If we may save labour by using a spade, then why not a plough ? And if a plough be used then why not a horse to pull it, and if a horse, why not

a steam-horse ? And wherein lies the greater nobleness in wearing out human flesh by pushing a hand-plough, than in guiding a steam-plough ? I have stood in a huge factory and watched a man manipulate a steam-driven loom in the most wonderful way ; and I have stood beside a hand-loom in the far north, and I confess that, although at that time a believer in Ruskin, still I could not see the greater nobleness in painfully kicking at the loom with one's feet, and laboriously throwing with the hand a shuttle which a machine could have thrown quite as well. Nor in their private lives, could I ever discern that those who worked at the steam-driven looms were in any degree more " debased into leathern thongs " to yoke machinery with than those who strained at the hand-loom. Wherein lies the higher morality in employing human beings to do the heavy work of the instruments, as in hand-ploughs or hand-looms, and why should this be nobler than doing the lighter work of mere coupling or guiding, as in great factories ?

As for the greater happiness, ask the Harris tweed weaver of his happiness, or the makers of lace curtains, working at the hand-looms in their icky cellars in Switzerland. It will not be found to exceed that of the mill-workers. And the peasant girl, who spins and cards in the peat reek in the Hebrides, has not much to say of her happiness in her work. I have never happened to hear of a case in which she did not prefer domestic service, and during a long residence near a manufacturing village I have never met a girl who could be persuaded to remain in domestic service if she could get work at the mills. Supposing that, instead of debasing men into leathern thongs to yoke machinery with, we could call a halt,

and give to every man his choice of work and tools with leisure and fair play, would the result be beauty, which is the token of art, as Ruskin seemed to imagine? Judging by the usual work of amateurs, who may fairly be said to take pleasure in their work, one would hesitate to say yes. Would it be happiness?

Let those who look upon a return to hand labour as a panacea for our degrading unhappiness consider well the condition of the workers of the East, where hand labour has been employed since time immemorial. Surely it does not need a very profound study of history to see that the causes (and cure) of the social misery around us lie very much deeper, and that both our present system and the primitive one hold the possibilities of happiness or misery equally, according as they are employed under a right moral code, or not. The conditions of factory life and machine labour may be made as conducive to high morality and happiness as those of hand labour, and conversely the conditions of hand labour may lead to as deep a degradation and misery as the worst of factory systems, as the sweating disclosures have fully proved.

The third bogie that has been held up as a terror to us, till even the art workers themselves have come to believe in it, is that England's cheap market has had a disastrous effect upon the art productions of other countries, and that things have deteriorated since they were "made for the market." As a discriminating critic has pointed out, with regard to Persian carpets,—and the remark applies to all oriental objects—they never were made for anything but the market. As to cheapness, did not the Japanese make their paper fans, and did not the Chinamen make their porcelain good and bad, and sell all at the cheapest rate, before the English-

man ever crossed the seas? And when the British came and found that they could buy at low prices articles that were never worse, and often better than those made at home, they naturally bought them; so that one could with more truth say that the cheap oriental markets had injured English art, if art were in the question at all. But the Englishman's taste in cheap wares has very much the same relation to the art of Japan as the predilection of the unsophisticated savage for glass beads has to ours, and has affected it in no greater degree. The Japanese manufacture some things for Europe in much the same spirit as we make the beads for the savage, but what have these things to do with art? Even in Europe the effect of England's cheap market has not been in the least what we have been led to believe. Were not the wooden toys made in all their delightful ungainliness in their own countries first, and are not the most hideous atrocities in Bohemian glass made in Bohemia for the neighbouring markets? Are they not to be seen stacked in the streets and squares of Dresden four times yearly, and sold at prices which make us smile, but which are suited to the Saxon public? And who but the English and American buy the more expensive articles which that Saxon public cannot afford? The cheap market is responsible for bad art only in so far as it leads to a larger output of the lower class of work done by the less capable members of the community, with or without the aid of machinery; but, as the public to which that class of work appeals is uneducated in art and seldom rich, one may say that the cheap market supplies works of art to those who must otherwise go without.

The real reason of the production of such works at all is simply that

given by Whistler, when he reminded us that there never had been an artistic nation. There is an occasional artist, and for the most part the rest of the workers are mechanics and craftsmen, who copy for ever, with more or less accuracy, what the original minority of artists has produced. However deeply one respects the spirit of these leaders, one cannot but regret that the public should have been roused to ridicule and to overlook their real work on account of statements such as these. For it cannot be denied that they do great momentary good in providing work for the unemployed, in arranging that work under comfortable conditions, in helping to keep the people on the land to a certain extent (they do not cultivate the land, but at least they cease to crowd into the cities, and their presence creates a demand for the work of others), and in finding work suited to the tastes and capacities of a few who might otherwise not be able to procure work. Lastly the interests of art are served in another manner which will be noticed further on.

The natural, spontaneous growth of art, as represented by the handicrafts, has had its rise under very different circumstances and conditions. It may be said to be the outcome of the universal tendency of this transitional age. For there is at present a general inclination to turn all preconceived standards upside down, and we find instances of it varying from Nietzsche's revaluation of morals to our own attempts to break away from traditional red-tapeism in education, and other matters. And something similar has happened in the art world. There was a time when the enlightened public was the only critic, and in England the public was British, and from the British lion's estimate of himself as the most important

animal in nature's realm, it naturally followed that the most important object in the realms of art must be his likeness; so the portrait painter was exalted on high. Pictures were the highest art and the portrait the highest kind of picture. Happily we are not a nation of god-like beauty, and the too faithful portrait painters brought about their own downfall. Or perhaps it was jealousy of the pictured unloveliness of others, but, whatever the cause, there gradually arose a revolt among the educated public and artists alike. It was discovered that portraits, even pictures, were not the only art; sculpture and architecture were grudgingly given a place by critics, and the general public acquiesced.

But when architects and artists grew bold, and, having broken from tradition, further announced that they meant to revive the ancient privilege of producing unity in their work, of making everything conform to its surroundings, and of decorating all that they created, even to designing the fixtures and furniture of the houses, then the public gasped. To tell it, an infallible British public, how to decorate its walls and shape its furniture was to overstep the limits of its endurance. It recovered its breath, and forthwith poured a storm of ridicule upon the bold innovators, which is not yet exhausted. Only those who have lived in the heart of it, and have been behind the scenes, have any knowledge of how immense have been the opposition and ridicule which the revivers of decorative art have had to encounter. It has been greater than the artists themselves have known, for even an angry public does not say all that it thinks in their presence. And that public, puzzled by lines, colours and symbols which it does not understand, and horrified at prices which it but

too well understands, asks: Why make things by hand? Why make an irregular, rough jar, when one can get a smooth, machine-made one so much better done and at half the price? Why labour to beat out a pattern by hand, when it can be cast so much more regularly by machinery in half the time? The public, in short, can see no good reason for the existence of hand works, and until it can it will not give its hearty support to them. The artist is called upon to find some better reason than his mere whim for asserting his right to carry out all his works by hand. And he claims for the beaten metal, the hand-made earthenware, the well-designed tapestry or carpet that it has a place in the national art, and that it gives as high a pleasure as the finest production in oils that adorns our galleries. For, there being no divine revelation outside of ourselves, to tell us that this is art and that is not art, each of us must be allowed to judge for himself and to accept nature's divine revelation to him personally as the criterion of what is to be looked upon as art. And we find that with knowledge comes change in the standard set by each for his own appreciation; in short in art, as in other matters, we grow. To some the picture is the only art, to others the cathedral; and some again find as great pleasure in an old vase, a Venetian glass or Persian tile as in the greatest picture. To say that there is no art save of a certain kind, of a particular period or painter, proves merely our own inability to appreciate any other form than that, it does not disprove the existence of art elsewhere.

And all who have any culture at all in such matters are agreed that, in general, the machine product has little claim to the quality called art, while countless objects of peerless beauty owe their chief charm to the

touch of the artist's hand. True, it would be possible to live in houses all of one pattern, all decorated alike, filled with furniture and utensils exactly similar—it would be possible if man were of different mould from what he is, and capable of arresting development at a particular point. But he cannot do that, and it is as necessary for him, after attaining to the height at which a consciousness of pleasure in art begins, to go on producing more and more different forms of it, and to seek after variety as well as beauty in his surroundings, as it is for him to have music and literature. And so, beginning for his own pleasure, man quickly falls a willing slave to the natural forces working within him, and at last produces his best for its sake rather than his own.

And surely it is for the good of the community that art and the artist be given a place in the national life. For it is time that people were beginning to see that the interests of the state and the individual are not at war with one another, except when one or both have gone astray from a true conception of morality. The more nearly we come to a right understanding of nature and the more closely we found our actions upon that knowledge the less friction will there be between the two, and the more easily shall we make duty and inclination one. Since it is a well established fact that man can only reach his highest development in social life, the higher each unit rises the better it will be, naturally, for both the unit and the collective whole. Every man has the right, for his own sake and for the sake of society, to produce his best work (provided always that his work is of use to the community), and in the case of artists as of others, "one's rights are in accordance with one's capacities." And the artist's rights are founded

upon the very real service which he renders to all, in bringing beauty into our daily life. We know as yet too little of the great riddle of the universe to be able to say what place in nature art occupies, but from the exceedingly low place which the average artist takes in intellectual affairs, we are accustomed to regard art as a minor accessory in nature's scheme. The greatest artist of to-day is no step further forward than he of a thousand years ago. No artist has ever directly contributed through his work to the elucidation of those deeper problems which have occupied the thinkers of the world, in philosophy and science. It seems certain that it will be neither through music nor art, pure and simple, that the problems of life will be solved. Yet we cannot therefore say that the art worker is a less high expression of life; rather might we say that he is an entirely different development of senses and finer forces of nature which differ from reason, and are comprehensible to fewer, than the intellectual power which shows itself in speculative thought and reasoned speech. But they are not of necessity less important forces. We cannot follow out this train of thought here, but I will attempt to show that, whatever be the relation of art to nature beyond man, its relation to the community is certainly of direct benefit to the latter.

There is no need to dwell upon the keen pleasure which the trained faculties find in works of art, where every touch shows the master hand and eye, where the *feel* of the worker lingers, where colour, form, line and texture (often that very roughness which an ignorant public derides), speak of their maker, or even in that lower form, where the design alone emanates from the artist, and the work has been carried out by others,

skilled artisans, whose brains have had nothing to do with it. The joy which the cultured have amid the evidences of the artist's work is perfectly well known and understood, but the cultured are few in the land, and what is not so well understood is the effect of beautiful surroundings, especially of beautiful colour, upon all. Perhaps a single instance will make clear my meaning.

There was once a lady who rather laughed at this longing for beauty, and she said that, on the whole, those who were not so sensitive got along much more happily, as they were not annoyed by the ugliness of their grates, or their carpets, nor in any way disturbed by atrocities in wall-papers, and so were saved a great deal of pain. Some years later that lady went for a long walk at the end of which tea awaited her in a room furnished with due regard to simplicity and colour. After sitting for a few moments she exclaimed, "I think this is a most restful room, there is such a feeling of repose about it, I feel quite refreshed." Upon being taken into another, she said, "I do not think one *could* feel depressed in this room, no matter how bad things were." Surely there is an economic, as well as a moral, value in a room that can make a tired woman feel rested and a depressed one feel brighter, and that one a woman who believed herself little affected by such things? And when every article in domestic use, from walls to crockery, shall be fashioned by those who have that feeling for line, form and colour, above all for the perfect combination of these, which we call art, when that is accomplished, who can tell how much greater will be the effect, both in bodily welfare, and in bringing about a closer understanding between man and nature?



For we can only define this nameless something which exists in the artist's work as a subtle understanding of nature. And indeed such work is nature expressing herself through the artist's hands, as surely as through the colour of a flower, or the song of a bird. To be sure, if we look at it closely, everything is a natural development, the thought that produces the machine, as much as the thought of the philosopher, or the sighing of the wind, disease as well as healthy growth. But one must not fancy that because a thing is natural it is right; nature is by no means always right, from all points of view. When by a cunning arrangement the seed of the thistle floats off down the wind in a downy cloud, thus ensuring the continuation of the species, we are lost in admiration of nature's clever device and wonderful provision for the needs of the plant. But when some of the seed falls upon the barren rock and is burnt up, that is as much a provision of nature as the other, and from the point of view of the seed it is bad, and leads to sickness, starvation and annihilation. And so, in judging of man's work, all of which is natural, we can only say that he as a being has need of certain things, as the seed has of soil, light, and moisture, and the nearer his work comes to giving us these things, and bringing us into conditions suited to our present development, the better it is; it becomes what we then call beautiful, great, right; in other words, man's nature feeling itself in comfort is happy, and his conscience approves.

But here comes in the never to be forgotten fact of the difference in the stages of development. In art, as in many moral questions, the needs of one nature are satisfied with what brings positive pain to another. Therefore the one pronounces a work to be good and buys it, while the

other condemns it and calls it an atrocity, a violation of artistic canons (his perceptions being considered by him to be a revelation of nature's final laws). There is need of all kinds of art, if one may use the phrase, in order that every class and individual may have the pleasure that they are capable of appreciating, and may thus grow gradually to higher capacities.

The community which consults its own good will encourage the artist. It has, further, no right to restrict his talents to producing work of a lower grade than they might attain to. It has no right to demand, for example, that a man should rather paint a mediocre picture than make a good water-jar, and to buy pictures alone as art work and refuse to give similar prices to good art work of other kinds is tacitly to make such a demand. And to say, as Ruskin did, that the artist should grind his own colours, is to ask him to throw away his energies during his working hours in performing work suited to a much lower development than his own. It is true that he could not produce works of genius all day long, but an artist's brain is a delicate thing, and if tired out by grosser work it may fail of its best. It is as though we were to ask of a commander in chief that he should tan the leather to make his reins, or require of a minister that he should first make the ink and paper, before writing an important despatch. Nature does not go out of her way to produce a higher organism to do work which can be done by existing lower ones, and the state as well as the individual loses every time that it sets a man to do work that a less capable one or a machine, mechanically more fit, could perform. To ask an artist to waste his precious powers in grinding paint was a serious mis-

reading of nature's evolution, but to ask him to cease work altogether is a thousand times worse, and that is what a machine loving public is doing when it derides, or discourages, the applied arts.

The interests of the community and the individual are so interwoven that it is impossible to discuss them as though they were two distinct things. To make the best use of a man, to make a good citizen and a good worker of him, is to bring out his strongest individuality, and perhaps this is true in art matters even more than in others. For the best citizens are not necessarily those who do most municipal or state work, but rather those who give us the best that is in them, and cultivate their faculties to the highest point, within the limits permitted by the rights of others. And there are some to whom the making of beautiful objects by hand is a positive necessity, and who, moreover, can do good work in no other form. They therefore serve themselves and the community best by following their natural bent; put to other work their whole nature becomes warped and stunted, as would an oak tree were we to force it to grow to suit the dimensions of a garden hedge. Surely that is one of the strongest of reasons for permitting the hand-working artist to continue his labours.

Another great advantage that hand labour possesses is that it allows of each man's working at his own pace. To get the best out of him he must be allowed to work at the rate suited to his strength and skill; over-forced he collapses, he does bad work, and so the state loses what might have been fairly serviceable work, and the individual is needlessly sacrificed. (The trades unions have sought to solve this problem by limiting the work done to suit the capacities of

their most useless members, to insist upon a minimum of bad work for the highest possible pay as the standard, but they will be brought to their senses one day, or they must go the way of other organisms that have outlived their usefulness.)

There are, again, others whose inventive powers far exceed their power of output, whose brains are impatient of their fingers' slowness. Why then should these ideas be lost? And why should not others be employed to carry out the details, to assist in all parts that do not actually require the artist's own touch? And this is perhaps the strongest reason for the existence of art industries. It is but nature's way of making up for her own slowness. She cannot develop in every direction at once. She can produce a man whose brain power (for although not what is termed intellectual art work is still brain work) far exceeds that of a dozen others, but she cannot give him a dozen arms to carry out his thoughts. And why should she, when there are still millions of men at a stage of evolution where there is little beyond muscle, men who are practically all limbs, and organs other than brain, and are therefore the legitimate tools of the brain possessor, sacred tools, it is true, to be used with all respect, but still tools? The one is as much needed as the other; let them then work together, and, inasmuch as the human hand, even though it be the hand of another, can often better express what the artist wishes to convey than any machine which has yet been invented, it is desirable that their labour should be hand labour.

I am very far indeed from advocating that anything be done by hand that can be done as well or better by machine. To ask an artist to spend his time in making hundreds of plain

red tiles, for instance, is folly, for there the machine can work as well as the man, and to make miles of plain calico by hand seems to be a deliberate waste of nature's gifts, for the labour-saving device, the machine, is as much a gift of nature as the more perfectly formed arm and hand, which succeeded the fin and the wing. If one admits a loom at all there is no difference save in degree, between the human foot and steam as motor.

These are some of the chief reasons why the public may reasonably be asked to permit artists to be happy in their own way, and to produce the work that is so beloved by them and necessary to them. By sheer force of their own vitality artists have thrown off the limits imposed upon them by an ignorant or unheeding public, and throughout the length and breadth of the land they are at work producing much that the people are, unfortunately, but too unwilling to buy. But it is unquestionable that many could and would buy much more largely if they had facilities for doing so, and if, one must add, artists would put away their false pride and condescend to behave like business men. They make their wares, they want to sell them, but they are terrified at the mere thought of being mistaken for tradesmen. To sell a picture in the studio is good, to employ an agent is permissible; but to put their work in the desecrating hands of a good furnishing warehouse is philistinism. Yet it is an undoubted fact that, once the work passes out of the maker's hands, it is quite likely to be placed (and that permanently) in surroundings as unsuitable as any window in Tottenham Court Road. But it is to

be feared that, until some steps are taken to keep the entire work of the artist community before the public, little support is to be looked for from that practical body. For how can people buy things when ignorant of their existence? Do artists really expect that they are to sit in state for ever, while folks come long journeys and beg humbly for permission to inspect their work, or wait patiently for a year between each exhibition to buy a new article?

Either the existing shops must be used, or a complete system of registration<sup>1</sup> of persons working in all branches of art-industry throughout the country must be introduced, with lists to be circulated freely about the land. Otherwise it is hard to see how the handicrafts can become the success which their work entitles them to be. It is certainly scarcely the duty of the public to lose its time, spend its money and waste its energy in hunting up and down the country for workers who refuse to conform to the ordinary usages of commerce, and to the needs of daily life.

But once this difficulty is successfully met, and reasonable co-operation is secured, I am persuaded that an enlightened and kindly public will do its best to raise its standards of taste, and give practical proof of the sincerity of its efforts to appreciate the handicrafts and their craftsmen.

A. S. GALBRAITH.

<sup>1</sup> Since this paper was written the editor of THE WOMEN'S AGRICULTURAL TIMES has invited the art industries to send their names for publication month by month in his paper. But this applies merely to the industries of a charitable nature, and not to individual artists or firms.

## THE BARONET.

A GROUP of men sat smoking and talking under the verandah of McFadden's store. It was the pleasantest time of the Australian day. The sun was nearly down and the air was cool and refreshing. McFadden himself was easily to be recognised, a brawny Scot, to whom the others paid due deference. He sat in the coolest place and in his own particular chair, the serviceable type known to undergraduates and schoolboys as the windsor chair. The others had to make themselves as comfortable as they could. Hawes, who had come down from an up-country station cattle-driving and was the guest of importance, had indeed a seat to himself, but Dickie Richards and Davis, just back from a month's jaunt in Sydney, were forced to content themselves with a bench, while Schulz, trader, wine-merchant and agent for various businesses which he found it convenient not to talk too much about, reclined negligently with his back against the doorpost.

"Yes, my son," said McFadden in reply to some observation of Dickie's, while he pulled at his pipe in between the words, "it's amazin' as you say what some of 'em come to. When I was steward on one of them trading boats which go pearlin' down the West Coast, I had a little bit of a chap under me who called himself Smith. As I was goin' aboard a 'tec comes up to me. 'Afternoon,' 'e says. 'Same to you,' says I. 'You've got a chap called Smith sailin' with you this voyage.' 'So I have,' answers I. 'Anything wrong?' 'Remittance man,' says 'e; 'could

call 'imself Barty if he chose.' Well, I'd nothin' to say against Mr. Smith Barty; did 'is work well, well behaved, civil to passengers. One day Mr. Barty is told off to clean the brasswork. Captain comes up. 'Ulloa, Smith, what the blazes are you doing?' 'Cleanin' brass, sir.' 'But what the holy frost have you got on?' 'Only gloves, Captain; don't want to spoil my hands.' An appreciative chuckle from the company greeted the conclusion of McFadden's yarn.

"Yes, I remember some of 'em too," said Davis, whose complexion testified to a colonial origin. "When I was down in Sydney for the Caulfield Cup of ninety, I remember that young feller who made a pot of money over Stinging Nettle—started at fours, didn't 'e!"

"Fives," corrected Hawes lazily.

"Well, this young feller," continued Davis, "'e couldn't go wrong for a time; seemed as if the mere fact of his backing a gee made it run first. An' 'e spent 'is money too like a prince; suite of rooms, suppers, theatres, and picnics. All of a sudden his luck changes. He backs against it and when I saw him last he was holding an auction in his rooms at the Albemarle. Everything up for sale—clocks, furniture, silver, wine, and even portmanteaux full of 'is clothes. I bought these there—two dozen best silk shirts," and he fingered appreciatively the tattered garment which failed to conceal his hairy chest.

"What became of him?" asked young Dickie Richards.

"Suicide, three years ago this

November," answered the other man knocking the ashes from his pipe. Having disposed of the ill-fated youth Mr. Davis returned to the original subject of conversation about whose good fortune they had heard in Sydney.

"Anybody seen Billy lately?" he asked.

"He was up at Morgan's last shearing time," said Hawes.

"Drunk, I suppose?"

"Drunk as blazes."

"Not seen 'im since?"

"No, sloped off when 'e'd got his wages. Shouldn't be surprised if 'e'd gone under by now."

"His chance has come too late, I expect, poor devil," said Richards.

The sun had already set and the gum-trees which clothed the rolling slopes round McFadden's store had turned to shimmering silver in the clear half light; a little breeze stirred the millions of leaves and a deep murmur sighed through the air like the noise of the distant sea. McFadden rose from his chair. "Come, boys," he said, "it's getting chilly. Who's for a game of poker?"

Twenty minutes later there was a wild commotion in the little parlour. The poker party unceremoniously broke up, leaving cards and coin on the table. Pipe or glass in hand they stood shouting round the seedy individual whom McFadden had ushered into their presence.

"Hulloa, Sir William!"—"Here's fun, old man!"—"Good old Billy Bruce, wish you luck!"—"Chin, chin, your lordship!" they cried, slapping him on the back or rapping frantically on the table.

The object of this demonstration looked in a bewildered manner around him. Outwardly he was no more than the conventional swagman from

whom all semblance of respectability has departed, a type of a thousand other wretched creatures who wander from station to station begging their bread and, when fortune is kind, earning a small wage which they spend in drink. He had been a tall strong fellow, but his huge frame was bowed and shrunken with hard living and hard drinking. His eyes blinked mistily and furtively under his bushy eyebrows and his face and chin were almost hidden with grizzled beard and whiskers. McFadden handed him a stiff whisky and soda and pushed him into a vacant chair. "Steady, chaps," he cried, "give the beggar a chance. He don't understand what you're driving at."

"That's right," answered Hawes. "McFadden will tell 'im. Quiet, you chaps, McFadden's going to tell 'im." McFadden ceremoniously clinked glasses with the disreputable stranger, drank and bowed.

"Here's luck," he said; "and now listen to what I'm going to tell you. I regret to inform you" (McFadden, who took considerable pride in his acquaintance with the law and legal phraseology, assumed the mingled air of rejoicing and condolence customary on such occasions) "that your cousin, Sir Rupert Bruce, of Weston Park, Derbyshire, and 208, Berkeley Square, is dead, and that you are therefore sole heir to his title and estates."

The stranger listened somewhat vacantly to this elaborate peroration couched in rather broader Scots than we have dared to commit to paper, and for some time he did not seem to fully comprehend the purport of McFadden's information. The latter shook him by the shoulder and repeated what he had said with a good deal of necessary emphasis. At last the baronet pulled himself together and said in a husky voice, "So poor old Rupert's dead, is he? And I'm

a baronet. Let's have a drink on this auspicious occasion."

"No, no, my son," said McFadden taking the glass from the hand which feebly resisted. "You've got to be a good boy now and a credit to your king and country."

"You understand, doctor?" said the lawyer, a little man with a healthy, rosy face, and hair that was just beginning to turn grey. "There is to be no question of leading-strings or surveillance—only we expect, with a little judicious handling, to see a great difference."

"Yes, Mr. Munro," answered Clarges, a young and fresh-coloured Australian. "It is only a question of tact, so far as I can see; the man is anxious to do the best for himself. Indeed, so far there has been no symptom of relapse."

"At present, no doubt, there has not, but I'm afraid he is not out of the wood yet. There is a certain road, you know, which is paved with virtuous resolutions, and besides, one cannot throw off the habits of a lifetime, for I'm afraid it nearly comes to that, without a great strain on the constitution. My fear is that the strain will prove too great—surely your medical experience will tell you as much, doctor?"

"In the majority of cases, of course, that is so. Only here we have a rather exceptional standpoint; besides the question of health there is so much to be gained by reformation."

"Yes, that is what I hope; and so I trust that you will not hesitate to point out everything in an unobtrusive manner when you are alone. A great deal can be done with imagination and tact, so I cannot help hoping for the best. You sail to-morrow, do you not?"

"We do. I have, with Sir

William's fullest approval, taken a double cabin in the *QUEEN OF CHRISTCHURCH*, Yellow Anchor Line, sailing to England *via* the Cape. I think that the longer voyage will prove beneficial to his health, and also that the comparatively small number of passengers will be in his favour."

"Less temptation, you think?"

"Less temptation, and less chance of making inconvenient acquaintances who will recognise him afterwards."

"Well really, doctor," said the lawyer rising, "I think you have already done wonders. I have every confidence in you and your patient."

"We shall both do our best, I think, Mr. Munro."

"Well, good-bye, and a pleasant and successful voyage."

Clarges left the lawyer's office in high good humour with himself and the world. Fortune had put in his way a chance that she does not offer to every young medical student. He was not far on in the twenties, but he was already full of confidence in his own abilities; moreover he possessed a considerable amount of ambition. What had hitherto been rather a stumbling block in his career was his poverty—not that he minded poverty for itself, but want of money could deprive him not only of luxuries but even of necessities. His consuming desire was to rise above the ruck of men in his profession; he believed he could do it, and he meant to try. Therefore he had often bitterly reflected that some seven thousand miles of sea lay between him and the great European centres of scientific learning. No doubt there were fine schools in Sydney and Melbourne, and no doubt others had made their way in spite of the same difficulties which he now felt, but— For a long time he thought he must bow to the inevitable



and do the best that he could with the facilities at his disposal. And then one joyful day (he felt that day to be the first that really counted in his life; he was sure that the high gods must have an eye on him, that they had marked him out as a favoured one among mortals) Mr. Munro, the head of a well-known firm, had offered him the charge of a gentleman of title, travelling to Europe partly in search of health, partly to claim considerable estates to which he had just become heir. The salary was considerable; his travelling expenses were paid, and, what was more, it gave him the chance of that journey which had been his one great ambition for years.

He never hesitated for an instant to take it. Mr. Munro had been pleased with him; his energy and decision were rather remarkable for so young a man, and the arrangement was soon made. The task was not altogether a light one, it is true. Sir William Bruce had apparently been leading a far from conventional life in Australia: the lawyer hinted, though with the customary caution of his class he did not positively affirm, that the new baronet had sunk to the very lowest depths, till the friendly hand of Fortune lifted him out of the mire and set him on his legs again. On the other hand, the voyage successfully finished and Sir William restored to his country a new man, the profits to be gained were considerable. He might be sure of the good offices of a number of influential friends during his future career, and he would have already taken one step towards wealth and position.

As for his patient, he could have been content had he been a mere piece in the game he was playing, a piece to be nursed carefully but parted with willingly when the occasion arose. But he had even grown

fond of the man during the short period of their acquaintance; he was touched by his obvious desire to reform and flattered by his good nature and affability.

Everything was therefore now arranged; their steamer sailed to-morrow carrying Sir William Bruce to wealth and health, and the doctor towards the final goal of his ambition. His last night in Australia, for some time at least, perhaps for ever, had arrived, and there was plenty to be done before bed-time drew near. Though he could not help feeling the melancholy inseparable from these occasions, it was nevertheless with a glad heart and buoyant spirits that he walked homewards blowing clouds of cigar smoke into the mild evening air.

Two figures stood on the afterdeck of the *QUEEN OF CHRISTCHURCH* as she made her way through Sydney Heads. The slighter, younger figure was Clarges, the young doctor. He felt a certain amount of genuine emotion as the low-lying villa-clad shores receded. By degrees the great horse-shoe circle of land faded into a belt of green specked here and there with white. Though the streets and buildings of the Sydney suburbs were hardly distinguishable to the eye, in his imagination he pictured the places where he had walked since boyhood, where he had known, perhaps conquered, perhaps succumbed to the first temptations of manhood. Even at that remote distance the land seemed to him full of poignant memories; in viewing it from the lofty deck of the steamer, he seemed to look back on the successes and failures of his past life as on an unrolled map. Between him and his native country lay a vast bay chopped into dancing foam-clad crests by the fresh sea-wind; every hour would make this expanse

of water broader and broader; every hour would bring him nearer to his destination and take him farther from home.

He turned to look at the face of his companion. A few weeks of civilised life had certainly improved the baronet almost out of knowledge; his clothes were new and fashionable, his hair trimmed in the smartest mode. Moreover his skin had become fresher and clearer, and he looked before him with the eyes of a free man. What *his* feelings were, the young doctor was at a loss to guess; the moustache and beard, though less formidable than they had been, still masked the larger part of his countenance. His eyes blinked out from under the bushy eyebrows, a little mistily, it seemed to Clarges; and it was with a sigh that he turned and went below.

There was no doubt that Sir William was liked on board. Most of the passengers had landed at Sydney or Melbourne and, though a few more were expected at Port Adelaide, it was improbable that the total number in the first saloon would exceed twenty. With all those who had so far taken cabins the baronet was unreservedly popular. A title always carries a kind of glamour with it even in monarchical countries and is doubly prized in republican Australia. His kindness and unaffected behaviour made him a general favourite, and he threw himself with feverish energy into the amusements of ship life. One or two of the more knowing might perhaps have imagined a more aristocratic personage, but Australia is not a country where one inquires too curiously into a man's past; if he is a good fellow and pleasant in company, that is sufficient for the large majority—and quite rightly too. So far the doctor had found him the most amenable patient in

the world; in a sense he was hardly "amenable," for he showed no disposition to break through the compact they had made before the beginning of the voyage. His behaviour was in this particular quite irreproachable; he declined firmly but civilly to "shout" for his companions or to drink at any one else's expense, but his negative was so courteously worded that nobody took offence.

The steamer was due to arrive at Port Adelaide to-morrow. The last passengers were then to be taken on board, the last mails picked up, and the steamer would steam direct from Australian shores to the Cape. Clarges felt astonished but gratified at his patient's unexpected strength of mind, and once Australian shores were out of sight he had little fear of a relapse. Had he been able to look into the recesses of Sir William's soul he might perhaps have been more anxious. In the heart of this aristocratic vagabond was hidden a fierce love of the dissolute life he had led; perhaps he lusted after hard living and hard drinking as the Israelites lusted after the spiced fleshpots of Egypt; perhaps only, as the lawyer said, the bonds of custom were not to be lightly broken. Day or night, waking or sleeping, his brain was filled with the thought of the broad sandy roads he had trodden, with the noise and shimmer of wind-shaken gum-trees, with the fierce glare of the Australian sun or the quick blinding flood of a spring rain, with the remembrance of a whole campaign, naked and arid before, changed in a night to a waist-high sea of waving verdure. The thought of his hard manual labour was sweet to him for its ultimate recompense of sharp stinging opiates. No wine, were it of the rarest vintage known to connoisseurs, would take the place of that bitter whisky; he felt the

tang in his mouth and lusted for more. In vain his better nature strove against these cravings. Conscience, not wholly dulled, pointed out to him a manifest duty, but years of base self-indulgence had broken his will. His very clothes felt harsh and unusual to the body; they seemed the first of those bonds which should fetter him to propriety and civilisation; he longed to tear them from him and walk once more in the easy uniform of a beggar's rags. To-morrow, he must say good-bye to Australian shores. The old life had been good, of what kind would be the new? He looked with a deep hatred on all this friendly ship's gathering, and his eyes privily darted gleams of resentment at the young doctor who was paid to drag him from his husks to the loathed dinner of the fatted calf.

The QUEEN OF CHRISTCHURCH lay close to the quay. There was an air of bustle on board. The deck rang with orders and the seamen hurried briskly to and fro. The vessel swung out a bit; the engines were getting up steam and the great shell began to throb and vibrate. Gradually, very gradually the little knot of people on the wharf seemed to grow smaller and smaller; the hills and the vast plain, all covered with white-walled buildings of suburb and township opened out as in a slow-moving panorama, and the river was seen winding into the heart of the setting sun. It was a pretty scene this farewell view of Port Adelaide. The passengers gathered on the hurricane deck to catch the last beauties of the dying day. Among them was Clarges; bare-headed, and overcoat on arm (for the evening was quite warm) he turned his face with the others to the sunset and the hills of his native land. For the moment his patient vanished out of his mind;

ship and passengers seemed to disappear and the shrill cheer of the sightseers on the wharf fell but thinly on his ear. In this solemn moment of farewell he wished to be quite alone. It seemed to him then that instead of a mere passenger to England *via* the Cape he was a knight errant riding forth once more in search of life and adventure. As the vessel swung out towards the open sea a splash was heard and the head of a man was seen swimming for shore. "A drunken stoker, I expect," said a voice at his elbow.

It was two or three months later in the year. The summer had been hot even for an Australian summer. Frequent showers had fallen however, and the wonderful soil had produced ten and a hundred fold. McFadden walked up and down the small garden which surrounded his low tin-roofed house with a proud air of proprietorship. The kitchen garden was rich in potatoes, cabbages, and all the more succulent table-vegetables, and the beds were fringed with masses of flowering mimosa and rose-bushes whose red and white blossoms smelt very sweetly in the cool fresh morning air. At the back through the somewhat rickety wood-fence his orchard, with its apple, pear, and cherry-trees, stood a cloud of pink and white blossom against the background of distant purple hills, dim and romantic in the early morning haze. All round lay green savannahs and low rolling hills covered with eucalyptus and iron-bark trees, with now and then a creek running between them as the greener grass of the slope betrayed. McFadden had never possessed much of the divine gift of imagination, and whatever he might once have had was long since knocked out of him; but it was on mornings like these that he grew almost poetical, and, while

felicitating himself on his own canniness in acquiring such a favoured spot by right of purchase, he inwardly contrasted the scene around him with the scenes of his boyhood, the purple, heather-clad hills of the North "where about the graves of the martyrs the whaups are crying." Whatever came up or down the road McFadden had his finger in the pie. He gave the pilgrims whisky and beds, and if fate was kind relieved them of their superfluous cash; it was not a high ideal, but then McFadden lacked imagination.

This morning he was more retrospective than usual. He laughed to himself as he remembered old tales and grew sad as he remembered old chums. Many an old yarn came into his mind as he pottered about his small demesne weeding and pruning. "I wonder how old Billy Bruce is getting on," he said to himself, and he indulged his radical feelings with a highly coloured picture of that territorial magnate attending Sunday worship surrounded by a crowd of obsequious villagers and at last lying in the odour of sanctity under the shade of some quiet English yews, while a memorial urn or tablet commemorated in clear-cut characters the kindly virtues and beneficent life of the deceased. Something caught his attention as he mused over the end

of his acquaintance and the probable circumstances of his own dissolution, something black flapping distractedly against the glow of the newly risen sun. A voice cried to him to come, and he saw the excited face of his black boy Jim signalling to him from beyond the garden hedge. "What is it?" he answered, moving in a leisurely manner towards the spot.

In a few seconds his walk changed to a run, and in a sharp authoritative tone he bade Jim bring the brandy. He knelt over the bundle of rags which lay upon the ground. Even he failed at first to recognise those shaven features, haggard and twitching with drink. The shadows of respectability clung about the figure; its tattered overcoat, its bulging boots, were those of a gentleman. But it was not till the figure opened its eyes, roused for an instant to life by the invigorating gush of the brandy, that McFadden recognised the person over whose ultimate fate he had that moment been speculating. Sympathy and astonishment struggled for the mastery in McFadden's mind as he gazed at the forlorn and miserable object before him. The mystery of its reappearance was never likely to be solved, for even to McFadden's inexperienced eyes it was obvious that the baronet was soon to lay down his newly gotten honours.